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From the Capitol.

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

BY MARY E. HEALY.

O take her, my darling, my treasure, my pride,
For your life-long companion, your love and your bride;
Take the joy and the sunshine away from my life,
And clasp to your bosom your angel, your wife:
Take my one lily-blossom—I will not complain,
Though my mother-heart ache with intenseness of pain;
Though my life shall be darkened without her, I know
'Tis a wise law of Nature—then take her and go!

I have borne her and reared her in sorrow and pain,
But the sweet compensation brought sunshine again,
And the touch of her hand and the sound of her voice
Soothed ever my heart-pain and made me rejoice;
And I called her my lily, my violet, my dove,
My all that was gentlest and fullest of love;
But a stranger hath won her affection away,
And she leaves me, my darling, she leaves me to-day!

O, fold round her closely the strong arms of love!
Protect her, caress her, my pet lamb, my dove;
Be her strength and her shelter, be tender, be mild,
And may God deal with you as you deal with my child.
I know her devotion, my daughter, your wife;
I know that her love is as strong as her life;
I know that she gives you her heart's purest trust:
O ne'er let her idol fall down in the dust!

For the love of a woman is truly her life,
And the faith of the woman blooms out in the wife;
And the trust of a woman—no holier thing
Is known in the climes where the Seraphims sing.
And I wish her no brighter a future to-day
Than the love, faith, and trust that will never decay
Till the dark angel comes with his shadowy wings
And bears her away from earth's changeable things.

My darling, no cloud would I cast on your way!
I will smile when I bid you farewell, love, to-day,
But remember me, dear, when your young heart is full:
When the twilight sinks down with its exquisite lull,
When Love flings around you its mystical charms,
And you rest, all content, in a husband's dear arms,
Give one thought to your mother now sitting alone
With her dearest one absent—her sweet song-bird flown!

Good-bye! may God's blessings go with you, my child,
As you leave the old home, by love's magic beguiled;
God bless both my children, and keep you for aye
Still fond and still loving through life's thorny way.
And all thoughts that are selfish shall sink out of sight,
While your young hearts are happy—your morning star bright;
But in sorrow and pain, when your tears fall like rain,
This heart shall unfold to embrace you again!

This life is all meetings and partings I know;
One half is of blossoms, the other of snow.
And the children we rear to maturity's flower
Must be planted afar in the stranger's home bower,
While they in their turn must yield their treasures up—
Must taste, in their turn, of the same bitter cup.
Then go, my dear children, God speed on your way,
Not a cloud would I cast on your young hearts to-day!

[Written for the Bucks County Gazette.]

A GLANCE AT THE WEST.

BY JONAS WEBSTER.

(*Continued.*)

The country about the Mississippi river below New Orleans, and for some distance above it, is evidently formed by the deposit of soil carried from above in its waters; and while the land has been constantly extending into the gulf, there have been many channels and outlets for the river formed, which maintain their character and grow in length as the growth of deposit extends. This gives to the river the appearance of having many tributaries, while in truth they are mouths or outlets, carrying off a large amount of water from its immense volume. The largest of these is the Atchafalaya, which leaves the Mississippi about 200 miles above New Orleans, and takes a more direct course to the gulf, at the same time watering a large extent of country. At New Orleans the river channel is over half a mile wide and nearly 200 feet deep—and just here it makes a grand curve of nearly a semi-circle, which, with the city following its shores for several miles, forms a splendid scene for the steamboat passengers who then fully realize whence the name Crescent city. As the city spires become visible, the activity along its banks increases; small river craft ply from shore to shore, and now and then a large freight-boat or steamer, upward bound, passes us.

The whole front of the city is a continuous wharf or levee built of plank extending far out over the water; and this vast platform is piled high into the air with bales of cotton, hogsheads and barrels of sugar and molasses, and merchandize of every description. Draymen, boatmen, men and women of every nation and speaking every tongue, and a mixture of all, are here—for the population is made up of all nationalities—though the French is predominant. The streets are peculiarly named from mythology, the catholic saints, the human emotions, etc. Thus we find Terpsichore, Piety, St. Andrew, Calliope, Religious, St. Peter: and others, Good-Children, Carondolet, Esplanade, Nayades, Bayonne, and so on through the whole city we would hardly see one familiar to us as the name of a thoroughfare elsewhere.

The system of city cars is entirely different from and indeed superior to those of any other city, the route of each traversing every section. One can start from under the shadow of the statue of Henry Clay, in the middle of Canal street, and without change of car or additional fare, ride throughout the entire city and return to the same point. The statue is of bronze, fifteen feet in hight, and mounted upon a square granite base of about the same hight—and from its location is one of the most conspicuous objects in town. Having but little inclement weather, the open street by the side of this monument is the usual place of assemblage for public meetings of all kinds. The fashionable hour for promanade is from eleven to two o'clock, at which time the streets present a vast moving panorama of beauty and gaiety unsurpassed, when, as if by the wave of a magic wand, the character of the throng is changed in a moment, the wealthy and aristocratic having withdrawn to their homes, and for two hours their would-be imitators hold sway; for here, as in other southern cities, the lines of class or caste are clearly defined, and it is impossible to break through them.

At four o'clock to half past, the dampness arising from the low ground and water around the city becomes so dense that the streets are deserted; the stores and shops, having no longer any customers, are closed, and the business of the day is over. Canal street, two hundred feet wide, runs from the levee directly across the city, cutting it into sections as entirely different in their population and general characteristics as if located on two continents. The upper or American district is new, and is but little different from any other city of the States. The lower district is occupied by the various other elements already mentioned, viz: French, German, Irish, Spanish, Corsican, and native Creole, and not one thing meets the eye to indicate that the traveler is in an American city. The language, the complexions, the features, and even the signs are all foreign. It is said that some of the old French residents have never crossed to the American side. The black-eyed Creole woman is of recognized beauty, and fills a large place in society. The old French Market is of peculiar interest. A motley crowd stands around. At the entrance half a dozen Indian squaws and papooses of the old Louisiana tribe, selling gumbo, baskets and trinkets. On the inside can be found everything imaginable; coffee, steaming hot, such as only the French know how to make, and for which the place is noted, fruits, vegetables, meats, crockery, dry goods, and the finest fish in the country; the red fish, two and a half feet long, sheepshead, and small fish in large variety, oranges, large and sweet, such as are unknown in Philadelphia and New York, for they are too perishable to bear transportation, grown in the groves farther down the river and brought to the city by the boat load, the vendors talking in all languages at once, and each being able to converse in all.

A short distance from the market is Jackson Square, an open park such as any one of the many scattered through Philadelphia. In the centre is a counterpart or fac-simile of the equestrian statue of General Jackson in front of the White House at Washington. The rider gracefully sits his horse, which is thrown upon his haunches and stands so poised upon his hind feet, that it would seem the slender ankles must break under the great weight of metal. The Shell road, affording a fashionable drive of several miles into the country, is made of small shells, and though running through swampy ground, is a firm, hard, and splendid drive. The cemeteries are numerous, belonging separately to the Catholics, Jews, and Odd Fellows. Owing to the nature of the ground, burial in graves is unusual, the interments generally being made in vaults or tombs built entirely above ground, of white marble, the walls sufficiently thick to admit of the length of a full-grown person, or rather the walls are a pile of succession of arched cells, into which the corpse is placed feet foremost and forever sealed or built in, the whole effect being that of villages of marble houses. The Metairie race-ground is a very popular place of resort, and is noted for the fine stock run upon it. Lake Ponchartrain, six miles north of the city, an enlargement of the Amite river, one of the many branches flowing out of the Mississippi, is beautiful, placid, and blue, the water having lost its muddy condition since it left its parent stream. The steam cars run frequently to it, and a steamer daily crosses as a part of the route to Mobile, making the trip to that city in twelve hours.

The fishing craft, with their white sails and red-shirted fishermen, are in great numbers, and with the pleasure boats make it quite a lively scene.

Live Oaks is the name applied to a patch or field a short distance out of the city, reserved as a future park, and covered with live oak trees of large growth, with the long, sweeping moss hanging from their limbs and branches to the ground.

The cathedral, the Jesuit church, and others with great variety of architecture, complete the objects of interest, except the large building for the manufacture of ice, which should have been mentioned on the approach to the city. It is a very large frame building in the northern outskirts, and here, by the process of evaporation so ably explained and illustrated by Dr. Rodgers in his lecture in Philadelphia, ice is made in midsummer for the supply of the city, of greater density and better properties for keeping than the natural ice of Boston and Nova Scotia.

I have now related all I can recall of what I saw and heard in New Orleans, and as the season for yellow fever is approaching, I will hasten to get on my way northward, and have but little to relate of the up river ride except the large amount of rafts, stationary accumulations of trees, logs, timber and lumber gathered at many points, and which sometimes prove a source of serious inconvenience to our steamer. The greater danger arises from the single trees that have been washed from the shores, dragged out into the channel, and finally rested on some shoal, the roots imbedded in the ground, the limbs broken or worn off by friction, and the log or stump bent over by the current, so that it points down stream under cover of the water, a concealed instrument of destruction to the unconscious steamer which, as it is bearing up stream against the current under great pressure of steam, has, without warning, a great breach made in her bottom, and before anything can be done to save it, the vessel, with its cargo of freight and passengers, is forever gone from sight.

The tributaries to this great stream and the geographical relations of the country through which it flows, can be so much better and more readily seen by a look at a map that I shall pass all that by and go at once to St. Louis, on the west bank of the river, 1200 miles from New Orleans, and perhaps 150 miles by river from Cairo; but I will leave the description of that for my next.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

EVENING NOTES.

The season approaches when it is well for us to take new departures. When the year begins it often happens that people make fresh resolves, or renew, with greater or less earnestness, those made twelve months before. There can be no harm in this. The practice is a worthy one, for obedience to every good impulse means growth. Every aspiration towards a better life is prophetic of a nobler existence.

These lengthening evenings, attended by faint signs of the approaching autumn, whose cool breath has already sent forward its signals, seem to me like the advent of a new year. We appear to be treading upon fresh ground. We enter a new realm. Thoughtfully should we survey the ground and scan the opening view.

As the summer days are passing away, we must put aside summer habits and the ways of summer-time. As we newly assort our wardrobes for the good and comfort of our bodies, so should we pause to consider the claims of our mental nature.

It has been said that the highest end of man is improvement. This may come in many forms, but the full meaning of the word comprehends the constant growth towards perfection. We need never fear going too far in that direction. Though we exhaust our energies, there would be something still unattained.

We sometimes ask each other whether the world is advancing. It should be our chief concern to know whether *we* are advancing. If we do, so does the world. We know not what we may gain in culture till we try. The avenues of knowledge invite us at every turn. We have but to put forth our efforts and good fruits yield to our bidding; pleasant voices respond to our call. Do not forget the books. Remember the importance of rightly selecting them. "There are books to be skimmed over," says Gibbon, "and books to be read." Another English authority, no less illustrious, assures us that a person who reads five hours a day will become learned. Read even but one hour a day and perhaps you will become one-fifth learned. That is better than to be five-fifths ignorant.

Resolve you will be of more worth in yourself and others to-day than you were yesterday. It is often quoted to us that "Life is real, life is earnest." It is wise for us to prove that we believe it to be real by real living, and earnest by earnest action. Life is much as we make it, and we may give it meaningless character or we may make it sublime. Be awakened in you the sense of worth.

Culture is good for the individual, but it has more than a self-considered value. "Each growth in a human soul is a blessing to every other human soul which comes in contact with it."

MARLFORD.

WIT loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

From All the Year Round.

LAY ME LOW.

Lay me low, my work is done,
I am weary. Lay me low,
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the aspens, drooping, grow,
Where the young birds chirp and sing—
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long
In the world's unequal fight,
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right—
Always with a stubborn heart,
Taking, giving, blow for blow.
Brother, I have played my part,
And am weary—let me go.

Stern the world and bitter cold,
Irksome, painful to endure,
Everywhere a love of gold,
Nowhere pity for the poor.
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,
Pride, hypocrisy, and show.—
Draw the curtains, close mine eyes,
I am weary, let me go.

Others, 'chance, when I am gone,
May restore the battle-call,
Bravely lead the good cause on,
Fighting in the which I fall.
God may quicken some true soul
Here to take my place below.
In the hero's muster roll.—
I am weary, let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,
Drape the standard on the wall:
I have drained the mortal cup
To the finish, dregs and all.
When our work is done 'tis best,
Brother, best that we should go.
I'm aweary, let me rest.—
I'm aweary, lay me low!

From Harper's Magazine.

THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT FLORENCE.

Among the many Meccas of pilgrimage that will attract the footsteps of the traveler in Italy, he of the pilgrim's staff and scallop shell will often turn aside, it may be, to muse amidst the sacred precincts of Santa Croce, in the "City of Flowers." But not Santa Croce, with its wealth of centuries, its sepulchral slabs and eloquent marbles, that speak of Alfieri and Michael Angelo, of Machiavel, Aretino, and Galileo; nor yet the colossal cenotaph, "something more than a monument, something less than a grave," the tardy tribute of his ungrateful Florence to the great high-priest of Italian song, who still sleeps upon the sea-shore at Ravenna—not all these will lead the English or American tourist to forget the humbler claims of a sweeter though less classic spot just outside of the Porta Pinti.

The Protestant cemetery at Florence can boast of nothing grand but nature and its sainted dead. No pyramid of Caius Cestius, carrying us back to the days of Augustus, casts its sombre shadow athwart its simple monuments; but beneath its daisied turf are sleeping some whose names were not "writ in water," and overhead is the same tenderly blue sky that endomes the final resting place of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome. In truth, it can scarcely be said to have a history, and furnishes but scanty materials for even a hasty sketch.

As already intimated, the cemetery is situate a short distance out of the Porta Pinti, upon a slight eminence, with a gentle slope toward the main entrance. The grounds were purchased by voluntary subscription, and laid out under the auspices of the Reformed Swiss Church in 1828. They are now under the direction of a committee composed of Swiss, German and English Protestants. In consequence of the removal of the mediæval walls, the cemetery is now embraced within the city limits, and further interments are forbidden by law, or only permitted by sufferance. It is still, however, preserved as a public square, for the inclosing and beautifying of which, in its present elliptical form, the municipality of Florence is said to have contributed the liberal sum of eighty thousand francs. You enter, from the east, through a spacious arched gateway into an inner court, in the rear of which is the sexton's lodge, and from thence you pass by a side entrance into the cemetery.

There is a local tradition that the son of one of the members of the original committee who laid out the grounds one day accompanied his father as he repaired thither with a view of giving directions to the workmen. Charmed by the beauty of the spot and its still more beautiful surroundings, he suddenly turned to his father, and said, "If I die, I wish to be buried *here*," accompanying the request by a significant gesture with his foot. On returning home, as if stricken by the beauty of his new found gates to Paradise, he sickened and died, and within fifteen days was buried in the precise spot he had selected but a fortnight before. Whether the tradition be authentic or not, you instinctively feel that it deserves to be true, as you repeat mentally, if not audibly, what Keats said of its sister cemetery at Rome, that "it would make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place."

Among the monuments, the most prominent feature is the beautiful marble column, surmounted by a cross of the same material, occupying the summit of the grounds. It was the gift of Frederick William of Prussia, who, passing through Florence and visiting the cemetery in 1857, caused it to be erected in the place of the black wooden cross that formerly notified the passer-by that this was a sleeping-place for the dead. From this point you can catch fugitive glimpses of the surrounding scenery, which is charming. On the west are the stately palaces of the princely quarter of Principe Amedeo; on the north the heights of Fiesole, with their beautiful gardens, and elegant villas, and monastery-crowned summit; while to the south lies the city of Florence, with its churches and convents, its belfries and towers, over and above which looms up the famous Campanile of Giotto, and, as the crowning glory of them all, the wondrous dome of Brunelleschi. The column bears the following appropriate inscription:

"Je suis la Ressurection et la Vie:
Celui qui croit en moi
Vivra, quand meme il serait mort."
—*St. Jean*, xi. 25.

In the radiant light of that luminous sentence the silent city of the dead is so transfigured that it requires not the fervid imagination of a Jean Paul Richter to transform its very graves into the "foot-prints of the angel of eternal life." Then, too, the sombre cypresses that nod so majestically overhead, though they strike their roots deep into the earthly mould of many a sepulchre, rear their tapering spires up into the cloudless infinite above, as if they would somehow link our mortal mouldering remains with eternal youth and immortal beauty.

The two principal avenues, intersecting each other at right angles, divide the cemetery into four rectangular plots, which are bordered with hedges of box-wood, and decorated with evergreens and flowering shrubs. The monuments are for the most part simple and chaste in design, with few, if any, bizarre inscriptions. Some are really beautiful, realizing the true conception of a sepulchral monument—an elegy in marble. We fail to observe that tendency, so visible in an Italian *campo santo*, to perpetuate by means of armorial or other devices in the invidious distinctions of this life beyond the grave, as if wealth and nobility had any exclusive privileges under-ground, where bond and mortgages avail not, and aristocracy is a jest. Among the more notable monuments are those of Sir George Hamilton, English minister to the court of Tuscany, of General William Sewell, Colonel Thomas Stibbert, and George Augustus Wallis. There is one, too, which, if I mistake not, will recall bitter memories of our late civil war—that of Jefferson Page, of Virginia, major of artillery, who died in 1864.

But to the English and American tourist the Protestant cemetery at Florence means the final resting-place of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. At least it was so with us. So, after wandering about among the graves without finding what we sought, we inquired for the sexton. We soon learned that the former incumbent, who would have been worth a score or two of guide-books, had been recently discharged for neglect of duty, and that his successor knew nothing of the real or legendary history of the place, and but little of its distinguished dead. A flaxen-haired, blue-eyed peasant girl, an unmistakable exotic in this sunny clime, recognizing us instinctively as Americans, relieved our embarrassment, by proposing to act as our *cicerone*, and at once pointed out to us the graves first sought out by all English and American tourists.

Here, in the beloved land of her adoption, lies Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the first female poet of ours, if not of any age,

"With a wound in her breast,
And a flower in her hand,
And a grave-stone under her head."

On the morning of the 29th of June, eleven years ago as we write, her beautiful life had a beautiful close. As the mystic veil grew luminously transparent, her face became radiant, as it were that of angel, and those silent awe-stricken watchers saw clearly that she saw God. Gazing upward through the wide-open gates upon the ineffable glory, she sweetly smiled, and saying, "It is beautiful," departed with the early dawn, vanishing like the morning-star amidst the golden radiance of an eternal sunrise.

"Up, upward! like a saint who strips
The shroud back from his eyes and lips,
And rises in Apocalypse."

Her funeral pall at Florence projected its sombre shadow across the Atlantic, darkening many a household where she was loved as a friend by those who knew her only as a poet. Many a hearth-stone suffered eclipse which had only re-echoed the music of her song, and bitter tears were shed that were not distilled from kindred blood. Nor are we surprised at all this when we consider the wide range of her sympathies, and the compass of her poetical genius, running through the entire diapason of human joys and sorrows. With her own half-suppressed sympathies ever struggling to free themselves from the strange entanglement of her verse, she was the elect interpreter of those dreamy, shadowy experiences that float dimly in human consciousness, and only become visible, like characters in invisible ink, beneath the glowing breath of poetic inspiration.

One cannot but regret that the poetess could not have lived to see the final consummation of Italian unity and independence, for which, hoping against hope, she had waited and looked and prayed so long. The voice of a little child, singing beneath her window in the Via Maggio, *O bella Liberta*, was the prophetic twittering of the first adventurous swallow announcing the advent of spring. Would that she might have seen those spring-time prophecies unfold into glorious summer fulfillment! As she looked through the Casa Guidi windows and saw the stately procession and retrocession of political events, how her heart sank and rose with the ebb and flow of the political tides! Now we see her hand in hand with the Florentine child, singing, *Bella Liberta*; and now strewing her violets with the rest upon the pavement where Savonarola, for his testimony against the corruptions of Rome, suffered unto blood and burning. On some new accession of popular freedom she shouts her *vivas* along with the intoxicated populace as they march in procession, between double files of faces at the gayly decorated windows, with floating banners and martial music; while even blind men

"Pattered with their staves, and slid their shoes
Along the stones, and smiled as if they saw."

Then comes the terrible reaction, and she is plunged into inconsolable grief as she sees the naked heart of her own beloved Italy palpitating beneath the iron hoof of Austria, while Italian democrats, in black velvet, "chalked the walls with bloody caveats," shook their swords within the sheath, and fired their muskets in the air "to show that victory was theirs of right."

It is meet that she should be buried here on the banks of the golden Arno, in the beautiful suburbs of her adopted Florence. The true poet, as a citizen of the world, can sleep well under any sod. But to Mrs. Browning Florence was something more than a city of sojourn. Italy seems almost to have supplanted England in her affections, as indicated by the frequent occurrence of such fervid phrases as, "Italy, my Italy," "my Tuscans," and "this Florence of ours." Victor Emanuel is "the king of us all;" while her son, her blue-eyed prophet, is "my own young Florentine."

It is not difficult in this ghostly presence to evoke her frail and delicate form from out the silent past; to recall the pale and spiritual expression of her countenance, her noble forehead "royal with the truth," that "gloriole" of raven hair worthy of a Sappho, and those eyes, large, dark, and expressive, that

"Globed luminous
Through orbits of blue shadow."

With a smile like a sunbeam, as Miss Mitford says, her countenance in repose was saddened by the mysterious shadow of a great wrong, known to but few, which, forming a dark background to her beautiful life, only served to bring out in bolder relief her saintly virtues and gifted genius.

"Really, I do not see," says Hawthorne, speaking of an interview with the poetess in his Italian Note-book, "how Mr. Browning can suppose that he has an earthly wife....It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not such another figure in the world, and her black ringlets cluster down into her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion." "I have never seen a human frame," says Hilliard, "which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire inclosed in a shell of pearl."

And now as we stand over her grass-grown grave it may enlarge our spiritual horizon to repeat her simple yet comprehensive creed:

"I believe
In one Priest, and one temple, with its floors
Of shining jasper gloomed at morn and eve
By countless knees of earnest auditors,
And crystal walls, too lucid to perceive,
That none may take the measure of the place
And say, 'So for the porphyry, then the flint—
To this mark mercy goes, and there ends grace,'
Though still the permeable crystals hint
At some white starry distance bathed in space.
* * * * * * *
I hold the articulated Gospels, which
Show Christ among us crucified on tree.
I love all who love truth, if poor or rich
In what they have won of truth possessively."

The monument of Mrs. Browning, though beautiful in design, is painfully suggestive of an unstable equilibrium. It consists of a sarcophagus of white marble of mediæval form, supported by six composite columns resting upon an ornamental base, the whole protected by a stone border surmounted by an iron rail. One end of the sarcophagus is decorated with a lyre in bass-relief, while on one side is a medallion of the poetess, with the simple inscription,

E. B. B. ob. 1861.

Other inscription there is none, but upon the facade of Casa Guidi, in Via Maggio, where the poetess lived and died, the municipality of Florence, in grateful recognition of her genius, as well as of her active sympathy in behalf of the cause of Italian unity and independence, making a "golden bond between England and Italy," has caused to be placed the following inscription in Italian:

Qui scrisse e mori
Elizabetta Barret Browning,
Che in cuore di donna conciliava
Scienza di dotto e spirito di poeta,
E fece del suo verso aureo anello
Fra Italia e Inghilterra,
Pone questa memoria
Firenze grata.
1861.

At the foot of a cypress-tree, not far from the column of Frederick William, is the simple grave of Theodore Parker. A tangled flower bed inclosed within a stone border, a plain head and foot stone, and the simple inscription:

THEODORE PARKER,
BORN AT LEXINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
Aug. 24, 1810,
DIED AT FLORENCE, MAY 10,
1860.

Whatever views we may entertain of Theodore Parker as the champion of that liberal Christianity of which Channing was the apostle, it is difficult to stand over his grave and read the simple inscription upon his tombstone without a passing tribute to his memory as a man and a philanthropist. In doubt himself at times whether as a theologian he helped or hindered men the more, few, if any, entertain a doubt as to the value of his services in temperance, anti-slavery, and other humanitarian causes. He proclaimed a revolution when it required the courage of a martyr to do it. Nor can we forget that while Sumner was stricken down in the Senate-chamber, Theodore Parker was indicted by a Massachusetts jury for the misdemeanor of a speech in Faneuil Hall against the kidnapping of one of his own parishioners.

Then, too, there is something touching in his heroic though unequal struggle with mortal weakness and disease, as we follow him from that Albany inundation, when he first felt the fatal arrow in his side that ere long let his life out, on through to the sombre cypresses of the cemetery at Florence. Scarcely abating his labors, so multiform and multiplied, but working on, preaching against the advice of his physicians, when it was necessary to steady himself by grasping the desk with both hands; till, from his excessive labors, at the age of forty-seven he felt as if the digits were reversed, and he were seventy-four. And when at length compelled to resign his charge and seek a milder climate, "with only nine chances against him to one in his favor," it was not to rest, but only to expend his residue of strength in new and exhausting activities.

"I must go off," he writes in his journal, "to the West Indies, to Europe, and not to return. I am ready to die, if need be—nothing to fear. Sorry to leave *work, friends, wife*....still, '*son-cedo*.' When I see the inevitable, I fall in love with her. To die will be no evil to me. I should like to finish my work, write up my hints, print my best sermons, finish my book, write my autobiography, with sketches of my acquaintances, put all my papers in order. Yet I am ready. But I *mean* to live, and not die. I laugh at the odds nine to one. If that is all, I'll conquer. I have fought ninety-nine against one—yes, nine hundred and ninety-nine against one, and conquered. Please God, I will again. *Sursum corda*."

But for once he underrated the strength of his antagonist, while he over estimated his own, still flattering himself that if he could only "weather the cape of forty-seven," he would go on to eighty or ninety, as did his forefathers. He appeared to think any drafts he might make upon his failing strength would be duly honored. There is scarcely any abatement of his correspondence, the mere thought of which would weary the nerves of any ordinary man, while his sight-seeing was enough to break down a well man, his diary meanwhile keeping pace with his sight-seeing. Now he is in the West Indies, studying the climate, the fruit, the fishes, the birds; noting the inches of rain; observing the condition of the negroes, the women and children, and even of the oxen and mules; now he is felling firs at Combe-Varin, or discussing questions of science and philosophy with the *savants* of Europe in the chalet of his friend Desor; and now he is studying the fauna and flora of Italy, or exploring the topography and making an archæological survey of the city of Rome. Sight-seeing, letter-writing, visiting, collecting statistics, ransacking book-stores during the day, and then at night, during the pauses of sleep, going the rounds of his parish, and visiting in a visionary way his parishioners and frends. Meanwhile he is standing "up to his chin in his grave."

And yet all through those weary months of his last illness, though comparing himself as sitting at the entertainments of his friends like the coffin at the Egyptian feasts, or as only fit to sit as a model for St. Jerome taking his last communion, he is cheerful nevertheless, and even jocose, his letters and conversation brimming with humor and sparkling with wit. Impatient at times, when he remembered how much was to be done, and that now he could "do nothing but cough," tempted at others with the thought of knocking at earth's gate with his staff, exclaiming, "Liebe Mutter, let me in!" there is not an hour, scarcely a moment, of sadness. Looking forward to death with calmness and composure, watching the ebb and flow of his cough, minutely observing his symptoms, and detailing the progressive steps of his disease, as if he were the physician and not the patient—there was someting in all this so germain to a Christian trust and resignation that one is almost tempted to believe that Bishop Warburton's definition of orthodoxy, if something less than truth, was something more than a jest: "Orthodoxy, my lord, is my doxy; heterodoxy is somebody else's doxy."

Even the daisies that grow so luxuriantly over his head seem instinct with something of his sleepless energy, and you can almost credit his dying fancy that he would leave his grave and weep at the hour of Sunday service of the Twenty-eighth, like the mother in the German legend, who, dying in childbed, left her grave, for nine weeks, every night, and came to the cradle-side of her baby and wept. About a month before his death he wrote to a friend:

"Above all things else I have sought to teach the true idea of man, of God, of religion, with its truths, its duties, and joys. I never fought for myself, nor against a private foe, but have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century, and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone, and much grain lies in my fields waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather lay my bones with my fathers and mothers at Lexington, and think I may, but will not complain if earth or sea shall cover them up elsewhere."

It was a feast-day in Florence when they bore him to his burial. Let us trust with the mourners that it was the "feast of an Ascension."

THE ORGAN BLOWER.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Devoutest of my Sunday friends,
The patient organ-blower bends;
I see his figure sink and rise,
(Forgive me, heaven, my wandering eyes!)
A moment lost, the next half seen,
His head above the scanty screen,
Still measuring out his deep salaams
Through quavering hymns and panting psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;
No sister, fresh from holy vows,
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;
His large obeisance puts to shame
The proudest genuflecting dame,
Whose Easter bonnet low descends,
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,
How much we owe those bows of thine!
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,
How vain the finger on the keys!
Though all unmatched the player's skill,
Those thousand throats were dumb and still:
Another's art may shape the tone,
The breath that fills it is thine own.

OLD THINGS.

OLD associations are the sweetest recollections of the loved and lost of long ago come back to us from the land of dreams, and are the brightest places in the pathway of our lives. We are prone to name this picture of bygone days, "old times," and connect therewith many pleasurable emotions that find a place nowhere else in our hearts. They are so closely entwined around the brittle thread of life as to form a portion of its strength, and if but a single fibre be broken, the whole seems threatened with destruction. One by one, the links in this chain of passing events are revealed, and become the richest treasure of the wearer. Those halcyon days of the past "brighten and brighten as time steals away," and finally, undimmed by change, go down with us to our graves.

Old songs, endeared by the voices of the dead are the most beautiful. Fashion may bring new songs into life, which are soon lost in the drift, but those to which the heart clings ever remain, and time merely enhances their beauty.

Old friends, tried and tested by adversity, are the dearest. They have withstood the shocks of time, supported us when trials grew thick around, and now worship with us at the pure shrine in the temple of friendship. We have confided our troubles to them, and rarely been betrayed; so now as the hand of time sprinkles the frost of age upon their heads, the love of these old friends binds itself still closer round our hearts.

Old books beloved in childhood's days, are the best. They carry one back to those pleasant hours, untouched by the cares of later years, when the time was passed in joyous play.—Where manhood's stern duties have not erased all feeling from the heart, these little volumes awaken many pleasing memories of youthful homes and boyish playmates; of a rustic school and its laughing inmates, and other like remembrances, till the eyes almost suffuse with tears at the thought of those happy days, "now passed away—all passed away."

Old homes, hallowed by the presence of loved ones gone to a better land, are the brightest. Here old friends gather round the cheerful fireside, and renew old associations, and sing old songs, calling up recollections which have long slumbered with the past; and here the heart can find that peace of mind which is found nowhere outside of "home, sweet home."

And then our old mothers! Persons with glowing imaginations may speak of the feeling of a young mother over her first-born babe, but it will in no way compare with the purer love of maturer years. All excitement has passed away, and in the decline of life her mind finds its full work in loving the children of her youthful days. Having some palliating excuse always ready for their petty foibles, overlooking their graver faults, and ever striving to lead them into the fold of Christ, with that tenderness of affection only known to a mother's heart. Her love seems to grow brighter and more unselfish, is undiminished by its constant outpourings, and its depths can be compared to nothing earthly. How we should reverence these aged forms, taking care that no rude blast from the outside world shall blow upon their heads. As they cared for us in our youth, should we care for them now, and ever strive to make their last days their brightest.

THE sins of the drunkard seem, indeed, to be visited upon his children with startling directness. An eminent French surgeon took the trouble lately to inquire into the history and ancestry of a youth who had been admitted into an asylum under peculiarly sad circumstances, and this was the result:

First generation—Depravity and drink; grandfather killed in tavern brawl.

Second generation—Hereditary drunkenness, maniacal attacks, ending in general paralysis in grandfather.

Third generation—Sobriety, but hypochondriacal tendencies, delusions, and homicidal tendencies in the father.

Fourth generation—Defective intelligence. First attack of mania at sixteen, thence transition to complete idiocy. His two sisters became imbecile, but his mother's child by another man was sound.

From the Overland Monthly.

AN INEXPLICABLE FANCY.

Frenchmen or Frenchwomen are tragic, or nothing, unless they happen to be comical. Nature has endowed the Gallic mind with an adroit aptness and seizes with equal facility upon the terrible or the grotesque, a revolution or a masquerade. This, by way of preface, and the story of "an inexplicable fancy" begins:

Henri Cardone was a young French artist of distinguished promise. His neat little domicile and his pretty little wife were situated in suburban Paris. One early twilight in the month of November of a certain year, as he entered his home, his wife ran unto him, twined her plump arms around his neck, bestowing a full-blown affection upon his responsive lips, and immediately exclaimed, "O, dear, Henri! I had such a surprise, such an odd visitor, this afternoon; a man with such an inexplicable fancy that I have been waiting these two hours for your arrival, and (bestowing a playful cut thereupon) your ears."

"And now these ears have arrived, Irene, my pet, I suppose your merry tongue will rattle away as glibly as a new wound up music-box; and once started, I shall not have an opportunity to put a word in even edgewise until you have run down completely. But for this old man, with the 'inexplicable fancy.' He could not have taken a fancy to you, for that would have been neither odd nor inexplicable. Did he, utterly regardless of the divine set of his trousers, go down upon his knees and beseech of you to fly with him to some intensely rural retreat, there to subsist upon moonshine and his adorable moustache? and was it his inexplicable fancy that you should be accompanied by such little articles of available value as this poor hovel might afford? Or, was he a wandering Gypsy lord, who predicted that you were to be the Queen of all proud French, instead of one humble heart? And did he, just as he was about to surround your august brow with the imperial crown, suddenly suspend it and take an inexplicable fancy to have his dirty palm first crossed with a crown of silver? Or—"

"There, there! do cease your badinage," said the pouting little woman stamping her small foot impatiently. "You will never become wise listening to your own wisdom."

"Nor weary, listening yours, my charming sage," laughed the voluble Henri, caressing her soft, brown hair fondly; "proceed—from this on I am all ears."

"Well, let all ears listen. At about 3 o'clock this afternoon, as I was sitting intent upon taking the finest possible stitches around the border of your finest cambric, there came a sharp rap at the door. I hastened, opened it, and found myself face to face with a man of middle age, who bowed politely and inquired if he were on the Rue de Chalons. On being informed that he was, he thanked me very affably, and was turning to depart, when his glance chanced to fall on this little cornelian cross, which then, as now, was lying on my bosom. He stopped, gazed fixedly at it, as though it possessed some terrible fascination, turned first deadly pale, then livid purple, and in a hoarse whisper articulated, 'Madame, you will pardon me, for it is no ordinary curiosity that prompts the question, but might I venture to ask how that trinket,' pointing a trembling finger at the cross, 'came into your possession—under what circumstances?'"

"Well?" queried Henri, in a low, interested tone, "what was my little wife's reply?"

"Your little wife told him, sir, it was a present from her husband, and that it had been in her possession about four years. How or where you came by it she could not inform him."

"Then he departed satisfied?"

"No, indeed."

"Then he inquired your name, age, and profession?"

"Did he?" I do not know whether I ought to feel complimented or insulted. Did you tell him?"

"I hesitated, and told him."

"I wish you had not hesitated, and then told him. Something of moment may grow out of his curiosity. But it will not matter. Then he departed?"

"No; he stood absorbed in troubled thought a few minutes, as though weighing a deep problem, and then said he had taken a very strong and eccentric fancy for the trinket and asked if I would for a consideration consent to part with it."

"What was your reply to that very business-like proposition?"

"That, being your gift, I should much dislike to let it go."

"Of course, that must have terminated the conversation?"

"Of course, but it did not, though. It became more pointed than ever."

"Well, well! I am eager to learn the denouement," said Henri. "If I am not at fault in my surmises, something will shortly grow out of this affair that will interest a very wide circle. Give me the exact particulars. What followed?"

"He said he was wealthy and did not value money; and that he had conceived so strong a desire to possess the cross, that, wild as the offer might seem, he would not demur at giving 500 francs for it."

"Five hundred, parbleu! The trinket is not worth five francs," said Henri, excitedly. "The man is either a lunatic, or—what I more strongly suspect him of being—"

"And what is it possible for you to more strongly suspect him of being?" asked Irene.

"A knave. In spite of the temptation of 500 francs, I see that you still bear your cross. I would have thought the sum sufficient to buy up all the crosses in Paris and all the women bearing them. How did you resist?"

"If I did not know that your slur on women and their crosses was said more in humor than earnest, I would not give you another word of information. I told the man the offer was very tempting, but that I could not possibly accept it without first consulting you."

"That was a noble reply, my darling," said Henri, drawing his wife close to his side, bestowing on her an eloquent glance and several passionate kisses. "Hereafter I shall consider you cheap at 50,000 francs! What said old Crœsus to your priceless answer?"

"At first he appeared much discomfited. After a little while he said he was going into the country to remain one week; that he should return this way, and if I, in the meantime, gained your consent, or concluded to part with the cross without it, he would make good his offer. And then he bade me a reluctant adieu, went to a post chaise that was waiting in the road, got in and drove off rapidly to Chalons."

"Finally we have the finale of act first," replied Henri.

"Yes," responded the musing Irene, toying with the object of so much discussion, which was in reality of but intrinsic value, and in no way remarkable, excepting from peculiarity of design. It was of a clear, blood-red cornelian, the upright pillow being carved to represent a descending arrow, and the cross-piece a very fine wrought imitation of wings.

"What attraction this bit of a thing, which, aside from being your gift, I look upon as worthless, can possess to render it so exceedingly precious in the eyes of the man, I cannot conjecture," continued the puzzled Irene.

"I think I can furnish you with a clue to the foundation of this extraordinary interest," remarked Henri. "What was his general appearance? That of a coarse, ill-bred person?"

"Far from that. He was quite tall, not over fleshy, well-dressed, and refined in bearing and language. His countenance betokened much illness at some early period of his life, or excessive dissipation."

"Should your cross-enamored friend call again, and I should much doubt if he ever does," said Henri, "I am the person with whom he must deal."

"Why with you, dear?"

"Because the object he is so extremely solicitous to possess has a mysterious history known only to myself."

"And that mysterious history affords a key to the solution of the seemingly insane offer of five hundred francs?"

"I apprehend such to be the case. That cross was found upon a spot where, but a few days previous, a revolting crime had been committed. If my surmises are correct, this strange visitor of yours was the author of that crime. If so, he and that little red cross are old acquaintances, and he would readily sacrifice several times five hundred francs to compass its possession. Why? Simply because, so long as it remains in other hands than his own, he is painfully conscious that it may at any moment rise up in judgment before him, and cost him the more irreparable sacrifice of his head."

"And you have kept all this dark mystery from me," complained Irene.

"I have, but will no longer. I have refrained from making you acquainted with the circumstances that are associated with my finding of the trinket, solely from a fear that the knowledge might cause you to conceive a morbid dislike to it, and, as it is really a pretty toy, I liked to see you wear it. And now for the mystery. Do you remember the murder, six years ago, of a nobleman of the name of Comte de St. Armande, in the Rue de Germaine?"

"Distinctly," replied Irene. "All Paris was thrilled with horror at the mystery and barbarity of the deed. But what association can this cross have with that dreadful affair?"

"An intimate association. That cross was found by me on the identical spot of the murder, and but three days thereafter. If you closely examine the underside, you will observe a small drilled hole at each extremity. From these holes I am led to infer that it was worn by the unknown assassin on the fatal night in question; and furthermore, that it was wrenched from its fastenings by the hand of the hapless Comte in his dying struggle. Naturally enough, it fell to the ground, where I found it. To this day, in spite of the superhuman efforts of a by no means obtuse police, and the incentive of fabulous reward by St. Armande's relatives, the murderer is undiscovered, and the whole affair remains wrapped in impenetrable mystery. After all these unrevealing years who shall say that the coming together of this man and the cross is not the working of a retributive fate? Too well does the man of inexplicable fancy know that the little toy he so covets is adequate, if it falls into proper hands, to work the crucifixion of a great scoundrel."

"Ugh!" shuddered Irene. "And I have been wearing it all this time, and admiring it, totally ignorant of the terrible thing its blood-red color symbolizes. I can wear it no longer. Here,"—removing from her shrinking neck the chain by which it was suspended—"I can now view it with no interest but that of horror;" and she threw it nervously into her husband's lap.

"Why, you little fool!" said Henri, in a jocose tone, "are you going to faint? Are you afraid of it? It is just as harmless as it has been, and just as beautiful."

"I do not fear it," replied Irene, shrinking from it, nevertheless. I am not that foolish. But I dislike it. Its innocent charm is lost to me forever."

After weighing the matter in his mind until the specified week had nearly elapsed, Henri suddenly and sagely concluded to acquaint the Prefect of Police with the story in all its bearings, real and suppository. That astute functionary proved to be an intelligent and patient listener, and was only too glad to detail two subordinates to further a scheme that promised to result in the capture of the criminal who had succeeded in eluding the pursuit of justice. Early in the morning, a week subsequent to that on which the supposed criminal had called, Henri sent Irene into the city on a visit to some friends, with the explicit understanding that she was not to return until he came for her. Following close upon her departure, came the arrival of two gendarmes, who were forthwith secreted in her but recently-vacated bedroom, thereafter to make their re-entree in the presence of the expected stranger, or not, as he might or might not criminate himself in the interview with Henri.

All the preliminary arrangements being made, our artist detective took station at the window, and behind his closed blinds became a silent and intense watcher. He was a brave and resolute man; but, nevertheless, an occasional misgiving flitted across his mind. The business before him was of an extremely hazardous nature. Should the supposed criminal prove to be the real criminal, his capture would be likely to be preluded by a desperate encounter. If fatal, fatal to whom? Henri thought of this, then of Irene, and closed his eyes. Then he thought of the gendarmes in the next room, set his jaw, and, in a spirit of grim defiance, put all forebodings from him. Morning, noon, afternoon, and evening glided by with no result. Henri yawned with impatient discouragement. His allies took to the bedroom floor and cards early in the forenoon. Hitherto the excitement of the chase had been quite strong enough to sustain Henri's interest. But now, would the expected not come at all? A brief consultation with the officers, who adhered to the opinion that he would come, and was much more likely to make his appearance within the next three hours than at any time previous during the day, especially if he was a rogue, and was not lacking in the usual cunning, braced Henri somewhat. Lighting a lamp for the quondam gamesters, and another for himself, he camped on the lounge. He had got but comfortably settled, however, before a resonant rap on the street door brought him instantly to his feet. Schooling himself to meet the probable crisis with quiet deliberation, he leisurely proceeded to the door and opened it. From Irene's graphic description he had no difficulty in recognizing his visitor. The expected man of the cross stood before him. His heart gave a tremendous thump against his breast; but his voice was steady and quiet as he saluted the stranger with "Good evening, sir."

"Good evening, sir," responded the visitor, scrutinizing Henri closely. "Is the madame at home?"

"My wife is the lady to whom you refer, I presume," said Henri. "She is absent on a visit. Can I serve you in anything? Will you not step in, sir?" Henri threw the door wide open, that the man might see the room was vacant, and hence might imagine him to be alone.

"Ah! you are the husband of the lady," remarked the stranger, who, after peering in, walked in.

"I have the honor. Pray be seated."

"I will trespass upon your hospitality but for a few moments———"

"No trespass, I assure you. Solitude is not the best of companions."

Without removing his hat, the stranger took the proffered chair. "I can tarry but a short time," he said. "Probably your wife has informed you of an offer she received a week ago, for a small, fanciful cornelian cross that was in her possession?"

"Yes; she did mention the matter to me, and we both wondered at the strange fancy of the man, and the excessive price he offered."

"Well," replied the stranger, with a forced laugh, "the fancy cannot matter to you; and as for the price, if you get it that ought to satisfy you on that point. I am the man; and I renew the offer."

"Ah! No, certainly not, the fancy does not concern us, of course not," and Henri eyed the stranger keenly. "But you know that unusual occurrences will set the least curious of mortals to surmising."

"Of course, of course," said the stranger, with strong symptoms of uneasiness. "People cannot help thinking, that's what brains were made for. But to the point; if you still possess the cross, and will exchange it for the sum offered, that sum is yours. Your answer? You will excuse my seeming abruptness; I am pressed for time, and cannot dally."

"I hold you perfectly excusable," said Henri, drawing the coveted cross from his pocket, and noting the eager flashing of the stranger's eyes, as his gaze fell upon it. Deciding to thrust the probe home at once, he deliberately added: "Another reason, other than want of time, may exist to occasion your abruptness, my friend; want of confidence."

"What, sir!" ejaculated the man, starting up in a threatening, apprehensive way. "What do you mean by that remark?"

"Listen, and I will tell you," replied Henri, fully convinced that he was on the right track, as his visitor indecisively sat down again. "Listen and I will tell you what I mean. This cross, for which you have taken such an inexplicable fancy, came into my possession under very peculiar circumstances, circumstances that invest it with extraordinary interest." Pausing a moment to note the effect of his language, Henri fixed his burning eyes on the stranger's. Speaking slowly, and emphasizing every word, he continued: "I found this cross on the 3d of January, 1859, on the Rue de Germaine, on the very spot on which, three days previous, the Comte de St. Armand had been brutally murdered."

During the utterance of the concluding words of the above, the countenance of the listening man underwent a most appalling change, and dreadful, indeed, as though he had heard the sentence for his immediate execution pronounced. The muscles of his face twitched convulsively, his under jaw fell, and his eyes rolled in their sockets as though following the fantastic evolutions of some horrid goblin.

The paroxysm lasted but for a moment. By a superhuman effort of the will he recovered his faculties, sprang to his feet, and with the demoniac fury of a madman, dashed at Henri, hissing between his teeth, "D—n you, the telling of that tale is your death-knell."

Just as his muscular hand closed oppressively on Henri's throat, he was violently jerked backwards, and found himself in the tenacious clutches of the two gendarmes.

"So ho! my fine fellow!" ejaculated one of the officers. "We are altogether too deeply concerned for the future welfare of your soul to permit you to perpetrate such a crime. You have done bad enough already to bring you to hanging, and that is quite sufficient for our purpose."

The foiled villain glared suddenly from one to the other, and made no attempt to escape.

"That is right," remarked the officer who spoke before. "Take it easy—shows you to be a philosopher and a man of common sense."

The prisoner coolly folded his arms and stood silent.

"Monsieur Cardone," continued the officer, "as your friend seems to take kindly our interference with his little plan to give you a long resting-spell, will you, with equal disinterestedness, provide us with a rope for his benefit? Unluckily, we came from town and forgot to bring the professional bracelets—an unintentional oversight, which, I assure you," addressing the prisoner, "we deplore more than you yourself can. In fact, we were rather uncertain of having the pleasure of your company on our return."

"Nor will you have that pleasure," growled the hitherto quiescent captive, suddenly striking out with his two powerful arms, upsetting both officers, kicking over the table on which stood the light, and leaping out into the darkness. As he vanished, a bullet hissed by either ear, but he escaped unhurt.

The report of the pistols hurried Henri back into the room from which he had gone in quest of a rope.

"Quick!" exclaimed one of the officers. "The devil has outwitted and escaped us. We must be after him at once. It is Leone Breme, the most reckless and ferocious of the many cut-throats who infested Paris six years ago. He most miraculously disappeared about the time of the St. Armande murder, and the department had given him up for dead. We must allow him to have his length for a moment. Our first move is to lodge information at the three heads of the police department. He is an astute dog of infinite resource, and the whole force on the scent will hardly suffice to capture him."

Breme was eventually taken. But so adroit was he, that he contrived to remain at large for three weeks after his escape from Cardone's house. He was tried, condemned, and executed for the murder of St. Armande, several witnesses being found who identified him, and testified to having seen fastened to his shirt bosom, on the evening of the murder, that blood-red cross.

Irene was never afterward persuaded to wear it. It hung over the mantel in her boudoir, and many an evening visitor has been beguiled by Henri with a recital of the two dark episodes in its history which are embodied in this story, and have departed shuddering at its sanguinary hue.

Bucks County Gazette.

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THE BABIE.

BY HUGH MILLER.

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae;
Nae stockings on her feet,
Her supple ankles white as snaw
Of early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimpled chin;
Her puckered lip and baumy mou',
With nae ane tooth between.

Her een sea like her mother's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face—
We're glad she has nae wings!

UNLUCKY COMPLIMENTS.

I do not agree with those cultivators of grumpiness who denounce all compliments, classing them under the head of flattery. It would be a dingy world if we never said civil things to one another. If I can honestly praise a man's work, or his conduct, why should I not do so? If he tells me he liked my last literary effort, I feel encouraged, and applaud his taste; if he informs me that I am looking well, I conclude that certain symptoms which had raised disquieting suspicions were all nervous fancy; if he tells me that he often regrets seeing so little of me, I truly believe he thinks so at the time. I do not seek to tickle others with false phrases; why should I suspect them of being less sincere?

I am speaking, of course, of the words of the mouth, not the conventionalities of the pen. For I own that I am *not* the humble servant of all the correspondents to whom I profess obedience; and when I present my compliments in writing I mean nothing at all, or at any rate am in perfect ignorance as to what my meaning is.

By-the-by, I have known very young men who, in answering a first invitation, have presented their *complements* to the lady who proposed herself their hostess.

And why not? If it is a dance, their legs are required, and legs are complements; so are ears, and tongues, and stomachs. Really, the substitution of an "e" for an "i" makes the phrase sense, which it was not before.

But a genuine compliment, with a good foundation of truth, and expressed neatly and aptly, is a moral *bonbon*, and wholesome enough in moderation, though of course excess in all sweets is cloying.

It is not everybody, however, who knows how to manufacture the article, or how to administer it. If you are any way deficient in tact, or given at all to blunder, you had better let compliments alone altogether, or you may possibly sting the object of your good will, instead of tickling him as intended, as the Marquis of Seneterre stung Poinsinet.

The Marquis, who was blind, went to hear the opera of "Enelinde," which caused a *furore* at Paris in the reign of Louis XV., and being very much pleased, asked his attendant who wrote it.

"Monsieur Poinsinet," was the reply.

"I should like to speak to him," said the Marquis.

So afterward, in the crush-room, Monsieur Poinsinet was introduced to the blind nobleman, who embraced him with effusion, and said: "My dear sir, accept my warmest thanks for the pleasure you have afforded me. Your opera is full of beauty, the music is delicious. Oh, what a misfortune that you had to set it to such trashy words!"

Now, unfortunately, it was the *libretto*, and not the music, of which poor Monsieur Poinsinet was the author.

Louis XIV., who, like many humbler rhymesters, somewhat overrated his poetical powers, showed a copy of verses to Boileau, and asked his candid opinion of them.

"Ah, sire," said the poet, "I am more convinced than ever that nothing is impossible to your majesty; you desired to write some poor rhymes, and you have succeeded in making them positively detestable!"

But perhaps there was a spice of malice in this reply; though, if so, Boileau played with edged tools with a vengeance.

The worst blunder in what was intended for a pretty speech that I ever heard of, however, was perpetrated in modern times by a dignitary of the Church, who was asked to marry a young couple in a country place where he happened to be staying, and was also called upon to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom at the subsequent breakfast.

Now the host and hostess were noted in the country round as the most genial and the happiest couple that had ever gone hand-in-hand through life; so the good divine thought he might as well turn this to account in his speech:

"To sum up all our good wishes for the happy pair whom we have seen united this morning," he said, in conclusion, "we cannot, I am sure, do better than express a desire that the result of their union may prove strictly analogous to that of the parents of the fair bride."

Whereupon the "fair bride" went into hysterics; the bridegroom's eyes flashed daggers; the bridesmaids colored and looked down; the master of the house blew his nose violently. He who caused all this commotion wisely sat down and held his peace, wondering at the effect of his innocent compliment to the host and hostess.

He soon, however, found some one to enlighten him.

"She is not their daughter at all," his informant explained, "but a niece who came to live with them when her own father and mother were divorced!"

LENGTH OF LIFE.—In our great desire to increase and add to the comforts of life, we must not lose sight of prolonging life and youthful vigor. Year by year, the laws of health are better known and observed. We are learning that disease is generally caused by misconduct; by avoiding the causes, we escape the consequences. Hence, in nearly all civilized countries the average duration of life is steadily increasing. In Geneva, accurate registers have been kept of the yearly average of life since 1560, which was then twenty-two years six months; in 1833, it was forty years five months. Thus, in less than three hundred years the average duration of life is nearly doubled. In the fourteenth century, the average mortality in Paris was one in sixteen; it is now about one in thirty-two (or, rather, it was before the Franco-Prussian war). In England, the rate of mortality in 1690 was one in thirty-three; now, about one in forty-two.

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Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Thursday, September 4, 1873.

PREVALENCE OF FRAUD.

Not many years ago a public officer was seldom to be found, who, having charge of funds belonging to either Nation, State, or County, proved faithless to his trust and failed to account for moneys placed under his control; and until the last decade instances were comparatively rare of men, who, being employed by corporations to conduct their business, used their talents chiefly to cover up their peculations. In those days defaulters were also content with obtaining smaller amounts; the intellect of public officers, and presidents and cashiers of banks, and other monetary institutions, not having been educated up to that high point of superiority in this respect, that now prevails. They had not then conceived the idea that it is as easy to steal two dollars as one, and that the turpitude of a defalcation of two hundred thousand dollars was no greater than the purloining of fifty or a hundred thousand.

But within the past few years the views of public officials and of men holding positions of trust in banking houses, and other corporations, have wonderfully changed. The "failing to account" is an item of every day occurrence, and the papers all over the country are filled with the records of delinquency of all grades of officials from State Treasurers down to County Treasurers, School Commissioners and even Constables. Pettifoggers, (it would be considered a disgrace to the profession to call them attorneys), neglect to hand over the money collected by them for their clients. Bank clerks make false entries on their books to conceal their little peculations, and cashiers and presidents overdraw their personal accounts, or put little tickets in the cash drawer for thousands or hundreds of thousands of dollars. These are, by a great stretch of the imagination, conceived to be "cash items," and are so denominated in the record of cash on hand. At last the day of reckoning comes; the overdrawn account cannot be made good; the "cash item" has no more value than a scrap of waste paper, and failure, ruin and disgrace follow in quick succession the steps of the defaulter. So general and so frequent are these cases that they can only be attributable to a torpid public sentiment, that envelopes the whole country. Public officers are in reality no longer selected by the people. Caucus meetings designate the men to be voted for who are to fill the important positions of the country, and the caucus is chiefly a combination of office-holders and their friends. And when elected to office these men are linked together by a tie of self-interest that they dare not rend asunder. A State officer in Michigan, not long since, issued a patent for land which the State did not own; sold it to actual settlers and pocketed the proceeds. Has the Attorney-General been active since to obtain relief for the unfortunate buyers of the fraudulent title and bring the offenders to justice? Not so. He has, however, devoted his energies to dispossess the innocent purchasers, but the officer who committed the crime has not been prosecuted. In Iowa the State Treasury is "short," but we have as yet to learn of any effectual steps being taken by those who are intrusted with the duty, to either recover the money or bring the offender to punishment. In Minnesota two successive Treasurers have used the public money for private ends, but for the "good of the party" all is kept quiet, and no proceedings have been begun against them. In New York the Tweed combination showed to what an extent a city could be robbed. In Brooklyn, the recent exposure inaugurated by the death of Mr. E. S. Mills, exhibits how long a deficit in the funds can be hid from public view. The public accountant shows in his examination of the books that over two years ago there was an unexplained discrepancy of nearly $600,000 between the actual amount in the City Treasury and what should have been on hand at the time. Mr. M. T. Rodman, the Deputy City Treasurer, and the Brooklyn defaulter, it is ascertained, has illegally procured over $200,000 of the city's funds. The City Treasurer, a year ago, knew he was a thief and made good $55,000 that Rodman had despoiled the treasury of. But Rodman was a member of the same political ring with Sprague, the City Treasurer, and for the sake of the party the matter was not made public. Villianies, on a smaller scale, only because the opportunities are more circumscribed, are perpetrated all over the country. Many County Treasurers in different States, have been using the public funds, and are unable to replace the amounts; In Ohio a similar condition of affairs exists. As an instance of one of the extraordinary methods of covering up frauds, the Fairfield County Treasurer stands in bold relief. In 1867 a new treasurer was elected who placed the business of the office in the hands of his son, who, it is reported, "began stealing in the forenoon of the day he first entered upon his official duties." A combination was effected with the County Auditor, by which, since 1867, that county has been robbed of over $100,000. The method by which the stealing was done was this: When a man paid his taxes the Treasurer pocketed the money and marked the taxpayer "delinquent." The Auditor would omit his name in the delinquent list. Another plan was to receive the taxes, neglect to pass it into the treasury vaults, and mark on the books "remitted." Such a system of book-keeping is unfathomable. The only method possible was to take each case of "delinquent," or "remitted" singly and have the testimony of the taxpayer himself upon the correctness of the entry. The Investigating Committee worked for weeks without knowing to how great an extent the fraud was practiced and it may be they never will know.

Parallel cases could be multiplied. We refrain from citing instances in our own State, although it is patent to all that there have been numerous instances which prove by the facts elicited, that the offender is not permitted to suffer the penalty of his crimes because he was member of a ring, and as such must be shielded from the public gaze as much as possible.

It is a sad picture to contemplate, and yet we have not seen it in the broad glare of day. There are more villianies, and deeper frauds in the back ground, than have been brought to notice. We cannot console ourselves with the hope that the present state of affairs will be improved so long as the example set by the Nation's rulers at Washington remains at its present standard.

When a Congressman consents to receive a bribe for his vote and influence; when the Chief Executive—for the consideration of $25,000 extra pay—can with steady hand sign a bill that enables representatives of the people to abstract a large sum of money from the Treasury of an overtaxed nation; when thieves and back-pay advocates and salary grabbers, after being repudiated by the people they misrepresented, are appointed by the President of the United States to offices of honor and trust; when Worth and Ability are degraded, and Fraud and Deceit are rewarded, it is not to be wondered at that men in less exalted positions will improve the opportunity to amass wealth at the expense of honor and integrity in their business relations.

A Centennial meeting was held at Pittsburgh yesterday. The programme and assessment of the Board of Finance were accepted, and Colonel Phillips, of the Allegheny Valley Railroad, was appointed President of the committee to obtain subscriptions. Senator Scott and ex-Governor Bigler addressed tde meeting.

Life Insurance and Liquor Dealers.

The *Insurance Monitor*, a representative journal of the insurance companies of the land, makes the statement that life companies are one by one taking the ground that liquor dealers and liquor drinkers are undesirable risks, and they therefore will not issue policies to such persons. The companies are not influenced in this matter by any other principle than a strict business one. The knowledge, obtained through personal observation, proves conclusively that the life of a dealer in or a drinker of spiritous liquors, is of so much shorter duration than the average of mankind, as shown by their mortuary tables, that it is a positive loss of money to insure their lives for the same premium received from others. The *Monitor* observes:

"Two things have been demonstrated by the life insurance companies through a costly experience: that drinkers are bad risks, and that the poorest species of this bad class are the liquor dealers, the saloon-keepers, the lager-beer sellers. This state of facts seems to grow naturally out of the ways and customs of the saloon-men. They drink some of their own accord, and, in addition thereto, the constant invitations to 'treat,' and be treated, which are part and parcel of saloon life, involve as constant libations. The results are habitual indolence and a disordered physique; from these came lack of vitality, disease, death. Whatever the intermediate conditions, whatever the processes, the practical result is that prudent life companies are declining saloon-keepers and liquor dealers.

"In order to fully appreciate the force of such declinations, it must be remembered that they are upon purely business grounds. A life insurance company, while the practical effects of its work are beneficent, is, after all, simply a business organization, the same as a steamboat company or a publishing company; it inquires into the habits and condition of applicants only so far as may be necessary to judge whether they are good risks. Longevity, not morals; the ability to pay and pay long, not the occupation, associations, or manners—these are the points of research with a life company. Cock-fighters and clergymen, merchants and mendicants, lawyers and liquor dealers, doctors and drinkers, are all measured by the same rule, all examined with the same end in view. '*Will they live? Are they good risks?*' These are the only questions that need be answered affirmatively to secure a policy; these are the only ones whose negation will cause a rejection. Under this line of inquiry, the companies are, one by one, arriving at the decision that the liquor-men must be declined. Experience is showing that they do *not* live—that they are not good risks. They die early, and they die often (!)—a practical paraphrase on the celebrated maxim in regard to voting, which brings loss instead of profit to the companies; hence their rejection.

"'Classification of risks' is a necessary work with the companies. Year by year the fire companies gained the experience which finally enabled them to make up their well-known 'memorandum' of 'non-hazardous,' 'hazardous,' 'extra hazardous,' and 'specially hazardous.' Just so the life companies are grouping the facts of experience, until they will one day be able definitely to classify and name accepted and rejected risks, as the fire and marine companies now do. Among the rejected risks will appear the liquor-men; the hard drinkers of all sorts; the sellers with their customers—all upon whom the blighting curse of drink has set the mark of deteriorated life."

A Washington Administration Organ Favors a Third Term.—The Washington administration organ, *The Daily Republican*, recently inserted a four-column article advocating the re-election of Grant for a third term. The article states that the idea is as old as the Government itself, and has always been a subject of difference and dispute. Washington was requested to run a third term, for reasons which are clearly set forth in the article printed. Thomas Jefferson, the canonized saint of the Democracy, was similarly honored. So were Madison and Monroe; also, Adams is a strong authority on whatever side he is quoted, and we find him, toward the close of his life, giving his judgment against the reasons which induced the earlier Presidents to decline to be candidates for a third term. The article concludes:

"If Gen. Grant desires the Presidency for a third term, he can have it, for the people have learned to trust the hand that has guided the Ship of State safely through so many perils, and they will keep him at the helm as long as the exigencies of the State may need him. His willingness to serve the country makes him available. Let Gen. Grant, then, be again put before the people for re-election. The people will confirm the choice of the nation's counsellors."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Washington.

The quarterly payment of pensions, in which about $8,000,000 will be disbursed, will begin to-day, at various agencies throughout the country, and on the same day the surgeons will begin the physical examination of all pensioners which the law requires once every two years, and the result of which will determine the rate each person will be allowed for the next two years. More than 1,600 surgeons will be engaged in this work, and to them Commissioner Baker has issued a circular of special and minute instructions. It is intended to have examinations more complete and discriminating than any which have yet been made.

The Treasury Department will sell $1,500,000 in gold on each Thursday during September, and buy $500,000 in bonds on the third Wednesday of the month. Total gold sales, $6,000,000; bond purchases, $500,000.

Under the Postal Act which went into effect July 1, the compensation of the railroad companies for the transportation of the mails is to be adjusted in accordance with the weight of the mails, the length of the line, and the character of the facilities offered by the road under the law. The mails are to be weighed in October as a sample weighing, the roads having objected to weighing at an earlier period, claiming that the business of the dull season was not a fair test of the average amount of mails.

The Signal Service officers claim that the predictions or statements of probabilities for the first year were verified in about sixty-nine cases out of a hundred, and their accuracy may be expected to increase with increasing experience.

Two millions additional postal cards, required to complete the orders from all post offices, will probably be shipped within the next week, "and the whole country will then be supplied."

Political.

The Mississippi Republican Convention adjourned on Friday night, after completing a State ticket and adopting a platform the main plank of which declares against any dittinction of color in the schools and colleges of the State. A resolution approving the Kellogg government in Louisiana "was received with such demonstrations of hostility that the mover withdrew it." General Ames addressed the Convention before its adjournment, accepting the nomination for Governor. Immediately after the adjournment, Senator Alcorn addressed a large assemblage, arraigning General Ames as the most vindictive man in Congress against the Southern whites, and announcing himself as a candidate for Governor, on the platform of "a lasting bond of friendship between the whites and blacks." H. C. Carter, defeated candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, followed Senator Alcorn, announcing himself an independent candidate for the second place on the ticket. He said it had been promised him in the Convention, but he had been betrayed.

The results of the elections for delegates to the Massachusetts Republican Convention thus far show the election of 113 Butler to 33 Washburne delegates. General Butler has 62 of the 90 Boston delegates, all of the 45 delegates from Lynn and Lowell, and two-thirds of the Newburyport delegation.

According to the Missouri *Republican*, this is what is the matter with the party from whose ranks it has withdrawn: "The Democratic party has lost its place in the affections of the people, not because much of its record is not stainless and glorious; not because many of its ideas are not based upon recognized truths; not because its membership does not embrace a fair proportion of the best citizens—but because it has chained itself to defunct issues for which the masses care no more than for last year's almanac. Enlightened and liberalized Democrats may well exclaim with the Apostle: 'Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?' But of the leaders and too many of the rank and file we fear it must be said: 'They are joined to their idols; let them alone.'"

That truly loyal organ, the Cincinnati *Gazette*, has discovered that the back-pay swindle is universally condemned, and now has the requisite backbone to assert that there was no existing necessity for increasing the salaries of Congressmen. It observes: "This is the verdict of the people, and when President Grant said he would have no policy to enforce against the will of the people, he set an example that it would be well for Congressmen to follow, and if, in furtherance of this idea, he had vetoed the salary grab bill, even at the expense of the increase of his own salary, it would have been the most popular act of his life."

There is an outcry in Iowa against the employment of John A. Logan as a stump-speaker, because of the share he took in the salary-grab.

The belligerent attitude assumed by the colored men of Ohio toward the Republican party, at the Chillicothe Convention, is a subject of great concern in Ohio Administration circles, which are also involved in a secret quarrel over the Senatorial aspirations of Delano and Noyes.

The Grant ring sent the mulatto, Col. Harlan, United States Mail Agent, to the Chillicothe Convention, supplying him with minute instructions as to how to manage his colored brethren there, and get Grant indorsed. The Colonel found the tide of feeling against him so strong that he lost his temper, and his effort to get a vote of approval for Grant was decisively kicked out by the Convention.

The nomination of Jacob G. Vale for Governor of Iowa, by the Convention at Des Moines August 13, appears to be well-received by all who are not hide-bound partisans, of whom there are a few nominally professing to be Democrats. It is not unlikely the Grant-Carpenter managers will work up a Democratic Convention by and by, but it will cover no votes that do not now virtually belong to the Administration. The real strength of the Farmers' movement in Iowa appears, however, in the local nominations, and the demoralization of the Republican party is so wide-spread that it seems impossible to counteract it. The Republican managers count on electing their State ticket by "force of habit," but fear to lose the Legislature and county officers.

The Montgomery County Democratic Convention met at Norristown on Tuesday. Dr. John G. Hillegas was nominated for Senator, and Thomas G. Rutter and Joseph B. Yerkes for Assemblymen.

Railroads.

Articles of association of the Chicago and Atlantic, and Pittsburgh and Baltimore and Continental roads, under title of the Chicago and Atlantic, have been filed. The capital stock is $7,000,000. The office is to be removed from Huntington to Chicago. The road, which is in process of construction, will be 350 miles long, and will extend from Chicago by air line to Pittsburgh and Beaver Falls, by way of Mayfield, New Lisbon, Lima, Huntingdon, Laporte, etc.

The last spike on the Cairo and Fulton Railroad was driven on Saturday night, at Fulton, and the road is now complete to the latter place, a distance of 461 miles from St. Louis.

The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has just decided at Concord that railroad companies have no right to grant to any party or parties exclusive privilege to carry express matter over their lines.

The opening of the Chicago and Paducah railroad from Streator to Windsor, a distance of 130 miles, was formally celebrated by an excursion on Tuesday of last week. The road will soon be completed to connect with the Springfield and Illinois Southeastern Road, opening a new route from Chicago to the Ohio river.

A new railroad scheme is on foot which is designed to connect the East with the West. It is entitled the Continental Railway Company. The promoters of the enterprise gave, last Tuesday, a public reception in New York, at their office. The directors were addressed by Mr. Abbott, the engineer of the company, who said that the Continental Railway would cross the Alleghanies at a summit of but 1,440 feet above sea level, which is far less than the hight of any present line. The cost of the road is estimated at from $175,000,000 to $180,000,000.

The directors of the Panama Railroad held an adjourned meeting last Thursday, for the purpose of taking final action in the matter of loaning the Pacific Mail Steamship Company $500,000. After a short session, the directors authorized the purchase of six steamers of the Pacific Mail Company for $500,000, giving the latter company the right to redeem the property at the end of one year on the payment of the sum advanced. Soon after the result of the deliberations of the directors of the Panama Railroad Company was made known, the directors of the Pacific Mail held a session, at which a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Bradbury (President), Stebbins, and Sage, was appointed to ratify the action of the directors of the Panama Railroad.

Personal.

A revised and corrected list of the members of the Washburn family, who have held or are holding public offices, contains two Governors, two ex-Governors, one foreign minister, and one ex-foreign minister, one ex-Congressman, and one defeated candidate for Governor.

The following paragraph appears in the *Denver* (Col.) *News*, of Aug. 22: "Miss Anna E. Dickinson rode to the top of Pike's Peak, on Wednesday morning, accompanied by Mr. E. S. Nettleton, Chief Engineer of the Rio Grande Railway Land Department, and two other gentlemen. She is the first person who ever made the ascent on horseback, and hitherto the feat was considered impossible. On the following day she lectured at Colorado Springs on 'Joan of Arc.'"

A Des Moines father advertises that he will exchange one of his newly-arrived twin boys for a girl.

Fon du Lac voted one of her aldermen a cane for being the homeliest man in town.—When the votes were counted up and the result announced, Mr. McHenry took off his coat and mauled that crowd of friends and acquaintances until the sacredness of the ballot-box was forever destroyed.

An Irish gentleman in St. Louis, of a mechanical turn, took off his gas meter to repair it himself, and put it on again upside down. At the end of the quarter it was proved with arithmetical correctness, that the gas company owed him $8.57.

The President, it is stated, will not visit Washington this week. Secretary Belknap, Assistant Secretary Cowan and Secretary Richardson have visited him at Long Branch, and "matters relating to their respective departments are disposed of as promptly as if the President were in Washington."

Fires.

The Model oil refinery and acid works of Patrick & Co., at Freeport, Pa., were destroyed by fire on Friday morning. Loss on the oil refinery, $50,000; on the acid works, $25,000.

The distillery of Bingham Brothers, and other buildings, at Patoka, Ind., were burned last Sunday. Loss, $50,000.

The Eldridge House, at Sharon Springs, N. Y., was burned on Saturday night.

A fire at Jamestown, N. Y., early Friday morning, destroyed the Monitor House, Moore's carriage factory, Green Brothers' livery stables, and Eddy's carriage shops. Loss about $40,000.

A fire at New Castle, Pa., on Monday night, destroyed the Knox House and stables, flour and feed store of Albert Fisher, dry-goods store of George Henderson, jewelry store of A. Cubbinson & Son, tobacco and news depot of R. P. Robinson, merchant tailor establishment of L. M. McNair, dry-goods store of J. M. Ewer & Sons, and fancy goods store of J. N. Gilliland. The merchants mostly saved their goods in a damaged condition. The total loss is estimated at $75,000.

The paper mill of Sturdevant & Co., and the saw-mill of Isaac Longyear, at Mount Pleasant, near Kingston, N. Y., were burned on Monday night. Loss, $25,000.

Casualties.

At Reading, Pa., last Sunday morning, a boat containing two men and a woman went over the falls in the Schuylkill at Kissinger's bridge. The woman, Mary Herbert, and one of the men, named Charles Harmony, were drowned. The survivor, Hoffman, stated that Harmony intentionally rowed the boat over the falls. He had a difficulty with the woman in a beer garden, the previous night, and had remarked that "the people wouldn't see him much longer."

The night express west on the Detroit and Milwaukee R. R. on the night of the 28th ult., consisting of a baggage car, two coaches, one sleeper and two emigrant cars, became disabled in consequence of the engine throwing a driving wheel off a mile east of Muir. It was followed by the through freight which ran into the rear of the passenger train, killing four women and one child, and injuring ten others, all emigrants. Medical assistance was at once procured from Muir. None of the injured are dangerously hurt. The emigrants are Icelanders.

At Paterson, N. J., Tuesday morning, Bridget Boas, aged 17, was so severely burned while kindling a fire with coal oil, that she is not expected to recover.

At Richmond, Va., yesterday, a horse attached to a street car became frightened at a locomotive and dashed down the street, dragging the car along at a fearful rate. A man named Thomas Cemmett was run over and instantly killed, and two women and a man were severely injured by jumping from the car.

John Martin was crushed to death yesterday in Pennsylvania avenue, Pittsburgh, by the falling of a mass of more than 75 tons of sand on him while at work digging it.

Fraud and Theft.

Judge A. S. Van Dyke, of Winnebago county, Ill., is a fugitive, being a defaulter in his account as Township Treasurer of Petaconica, his accounts having gone unquestioned for 14 years. The amount is stated to be $6,000 or $8,000, and the deficit is in the school funds.

The Postmaster of New York has just compromised with Brice McLellan, who robbed the Department of sums aggregating $40,000. He happens to have wealthy official relations.

Heavy defalcations have occurred in the New Jersey Central Railroad. The report, as circulated in Wall street, is that the defalcation had been going on for years through alterations in the pay-rolls, and that the amount of the fraud exceeded half a million dollars. Mr. Henz, the Paymaster, stated that it would not exceed $150,000.

The Brooklyn City Treasury is involved in the common catastrophe with the Brooklyn Trust Company. Late Wednesday night of last week it was ascertained that the City Treasury had been robbed of a large amount, and that Rodman, late Assistant City Treasurer and Secretary of the Trust Company, was the guilty party. Rodman, acting in his double capacity, was enabled to cover up the deficiency by making false statements concerning the amount of city money on deposit in the Trust Company. Looking over the accounts of the Trust Company and books of the City Treasury, Mr. Warren, expert, finds the defalcation of Rodman to be as follows: From City Treasury, $55,000; General Fund, $98,000; Board of Education on deposit with Treasurer, $50,000. Total, $203,000. Of this amount the City Treasurer, Sprague, made good $50,000 by sale of his stock in the Brooklyn Eagle to William Van Anden.

George S. Redington, recently employed by the Erie Railway Company, has been arrested at Port Jervis, and is charged with defrauding the Company of $3,500.

A Brownsville dispatch says that "cattle stealing has been resumed on the Texas border with unusual vigor." The robberies are carried on without interference by the Mexican officials, and cattle are driven into Mexico at the rate of "thousands per month."

Crime.

San Diego (Cal.) advices of Saturday state that John G. Spreck was murdered by Indians near the Mexican line. Citizens pursued the band, surrounded them, and captured twelve, and threatened them with death if the murderer was not given up. The Indians finally surrendered the culprit, who was hanged.

At Montpelier, Vt., Friday morning, Joseph Daniels, employed in the Montpelier Manufacturing Company's works, entered a room where Miss Carrie Demmon was working and shot her, inflicting a dangerous wound. He then committed suicide by shooting himself. He had been "paying attention" to Miss Demmon, but no trouble was known to have arisen between them.

Dr. J. C. Showalter, who murdered his wife in Baltimore on last Thursday evening and then cut his own throat, died in the hospital the next day. He was from Uniontown, Alabama, but studied medicine in New York. During the rebellion, Mrs. Showalter, then a widow, was matron of the military hospital at Petersburg, where Showalter was assistant surgeon. He being taken ill of small pox, she nursed him in his illness, and they were married after he recovered. He is said to have been a kind husband when sober, but when under the influence of liquor, "a human fiend."

James B. Jamison, original owner of the Jamison Oil Farm, on which the town of Petrolia is being built, committed suicide at Titusville last Friday, by shooting himself. He left a letter stating, as a reason for the crime, that he had been defrauded out of a large amount of oil and money.

In San Jose, California, a young Chinaman, employed as a cook by Mr. Orin Dubois, fell in love with his employer's daughter, aged seventeen. She did not respond to his passion. He obtained possession of her photograph, and she demanded its return. On Monday he handed back the picture, at the same time firing three shots at her from a revolver. The steel in her corset turned aside the bullets, and she escaped injury. The Chinaman finished by blowing out his brains.

Miscellaneous.

The Italian National Convention, in session in St. Louis, adjourned on Saturday, after perfecting a revision of the Constitution of the National Union and adopting a resolution looking to measures for the punishment of the "padrones" who hold Italian boys in virtual slavery in New York.

The most expensive and fashionable jewelry in Denmark is said to be made from fish bones and scales. It is more costly than articles of gold.

The discovery of two mosquitos in London was the subject of a long letter in the *Times* recently.

A new Quarterly entitled *The International Review*, Professor John M. Leavitt editor, is announced for publication in January, 1874, by A. S. Barnes & Co. It is to be devoted to the discussion of current literary, scientific, social, national, and religious questions of the day, without reference to considerations of party or sect. Among the contributors to its pages are several distinguished men both in this country and in Europe, including, among others, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, Professor Henry, President Woolsey, President McCosh, the Rev. Ray Palmer, Professor Schaff, Professor T. W. Dwight, President Noah Porter, Professor Hilgard, President Hopkins, Professor Fisher, Professor J. D. Dana, Professor Guyot, Dean Stanley, J. A. Froude, Thomas Hughes, Dr. Wm. B. Carpenter, Dr. Dollinger, and Professor Dorner. If the character of the Review shall correspond to the reputation of the contributors, it will take an eminent rank among the leading American periodicals.

Michael Angelo McFarland, brother of Daniel McFarland, who shot Albert D. Richardson, died in Bellevue Hospital, New York, on Thursday evening. He spent $25,000 in defence of his brother, and having died destitute and friendless, is buried in the Potter's Field.

The annual mass meeting of the Workingmen's Union, in New York, was held at Cooper Union last Friday night. The chairman stated that the principal speaker announced for the evening, Mr. Arch, from England, had not arrived, and he could not say when he was expected. At this there was a general murmur of dissatisfaction, and nearly half the audience left. The chairman then made a brief address, urging all workingmen to co-operate with the farmers "as the only method of frustrating the present ruinous monopoly and outrageous charge of transportation over all railroads." He was followed by other speakers on the same subject.

There is something supremely ridiculous in the idea of pasting Abraham Lincoln's likeness over the bunghole of every keg of beer that is manufactured, and yet this is done in accordance with a law of the Congress of the United States. The stamp ought to be changed for the picture and family pedigree of the officer who suggested the design.

Cholera of a most malignant type is raging at Okawville, Illinois, about 29 miles from St. Louis. Twenty-three persons died there within twelve hours from the appearance of the disease. Some of the victims have died within *fifteen minutes* after the attack, their bodies "turning black immediately." The principal bridge-builder of the St. Louis and Southwestern Railroad, and his three children are among the victims. Five members of one family died in the course of three hours. All who can are leaving the town, and those who remain are using disinfectants and burning tar in the streets. It is said that "no local cause exists for the disease." The cholera is also raging terribly in portions of Western Kentucky.

It is announced that a Yedo publisher has brought out a "Life of Washington" in 44 volumes, printed in Japanese characters and profusely illustrated. The Father of his country is represented in the clothes of the present day, wears a mustache, carries a cane, and is accompanied by a skye terrier.

The steamship Hibernian, from England and Newfoundland, arrived at Halifax on Saturday night with Miss Bird and a party of one hundred destitute English children.

Money and Business.

The fall trade in dry goods has opened briskly in New York, chiefly with the jobbers from the West and Southwest. Stewart, Arnold & Constable and Lord & Taylor unite in saying the prospects are of a heavier trade than has been known in several years.

Messrs. Maris & Smith, Bankers and Brokers, No. 18 South Third street, Philadelphia, furnish us the following report of prices at 3 P. M., on the 2d inst.:

Gold	116⅛
N. Y. Central R. R.	104⅞
N. Y. and Erie Railway	58⅜
Lake Shore and Michigan So.	92⅞
Cleveland and Pittsburgh R. R.	86⅞
N. W. Com.	84
" Pref	81
Rock Island	108⅞
Pacific Mail Steamship Co.	43⅜
Western Union Union Telegraph	92⅛
St. Paul Com.	50⅞
" Pref.	70⅞
Adams Express Co.	
Toledo and Wabash R. R.	65⅞
Ohio and Mississipi R. R.	38⅞
Union Pacific R. R.	26⅞
Panama	117

PHILADELPHIA QUOTATIONS, GOVERNMENT.

New U. S. 5's of 1881,	114⅞	114⅞
U. S 6's of '81,	119⅞	120
" '62, not called.	117	
" " 1st call.	116⅛	
" " 2d call.	118⅞	
" " 3d call.	118⅛	
" " 4th call.	116⅞	
" '64	117⅞	
" '65	118⅜	119
" '65, new,	117	117⅞
" '67,	119	119⅜
" '68,	117⅞	
" 5's 10-40's,	113⅞	113⅞
U. S. 30 Year 6 per cent. Cy.	113⅞	113⅞
Gold,	116⅞	
Silver,		
Union Pacific R. R. 1st M. Bonds,	80⅞	
Central Pacific " "	99⅞	
Union Pacific Land Grant Bonds,	70⅞	

NEW YORK SUB-TREASURY REPORT, SEPTEMBER 2d, 1873.

Gold Receipts	$1,712,268 83
" Payments	155,291 14
" Balance	83,434,357 42
Currency Receipts	276,130 28
" Payments	648,376 78
" Balance	31,553,994 03

Philadelphia Bond and Stock quotations, reported expressly for the Gazette by John K. Wildman, No. 26 South Third street, September 3d, 1873.

BONDS.	BID.	ASKED.
Pennsylvania Loan, 2d series,	103⅞	104
" " 3d "	108⅞	108⅞
Philadelphia City 6's,	101⅞	101⅞
Allegheny Valley 7-30's,	93⅞	94
Camden and Amboy 6's, 1883,	90⅞	91
" " 1889,	88⅞	89⅞
" Mortgage, 1889,	96	96⅞
Lehigh Valley 7's,	102	102⅞
North Pennsylvania 7's,	101⅞	102
Pennsylvania & N. Y. Canal 7's,	99⅞	99⅞
Penna. R. R. 1st Mort.	100⅞	100⅞
do. general " Coup.	91⅞	92
do. do. " Regis'd.	96⅞	97
Philadelphia and Erie 7s,	90	90⅞
Phila. & Reading 7s,	103⅞	104
do. Gen. Mort. 7s, Coup.	101	101⅞
do. do. " Regis.	102	103
do. New Conv. 7's,	102	102⅞
Pittsburgh, Cin. & St. Louis 7's,	74⅞	75
West Chester 7's,	103⅞	103⅞
West Jersey 7's,	102⅞	103
Wilmington & Rdg. 1st M. 7's	99	99⅞
Lehigh Nav. Gold Loan, 6's,	91⅞	91⅞
STOCKS.		
Lehigh Valley Railroad,	60⅞	60⅞
Mine Hill "	51⅞	52
Nesquehoning Val. "	53⅞	54
Pennsylvania "	53	53⅞
Phila. & Reading "	55	55⅞
Phila. & Trenton "	121⅞	122
United Co.'s of N. J., (C. & A.)	122	122⅞
Central Transportation Co.	47	47⅞
Fifth and Sixth Streets R. R.,	52	54
Hestonville "	17	19
Second and Third "	57⅞	58

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

PHILOSOPHY vs. SCIENCE.

Query—What is the difference, or distinction, between the terms of Philosophy and Science?

Ans.—By the term Philosophy we mean to express the knowledge we have of the vast catalogue of causation, sometimes termed the laws of nature, which means the forces and moters which propel the visible and invisible machinery of the *Divine Architect*, which everywhere meet the eye in every department of the Universe; whether it be in mind or matter. By the term mind, I mean to include every variety of intellectual manifestation. Of matter, every substance cognizable to the physical senses. Hence the term Philosophy may be termed the knowledge and study of causes; while Science may be termed the knowledge and study of effects, or the human interpretations of those causes traced from effects, so far as the finite power of the human intellect is capable of comprehending and explaining the infinite.

Thus Philosophy is the cause, or rather represents the causes; science the effects. Hence in our philosophical researches, we pursue causes to their ultimate and legitimate effects; but in our scientific investigations, we trace effects back to their causes. Hence, too, Philosophy is metaphysical—the hypothesis,—whereas science is physical, tangible, material. Now, to make a practical application to our definition, the facts of creation, life and existence. Philosophy embraces the entire domain of the ideal. Science the world of visible reality. Hence Philosophy is the parent of Science, and must, of necessity, always precede it. E. H.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

OUR TEXAS LETTER.

Gatesville—Correyell County and Scenery—The Way of Managing and Accumulating Stock—The Range—The Commanches and Settlers.

Gatesville, Texas, Aug. 29th, 1873.

In our letter dated from Waco, a few weeks ago, we stated a contemplated visit through some of the frontier counties, but as yet we have been unable to proceed any farther in that direction than Gatesville, the county-seat of Correyell. Gatesville is quite a small village, situated on the Leon river fifty miles north of Waco, thinly inhabited, and possessing but a few delapidated buildings of cedar and oak timber, which are characteristic of the frontier towns. The citizens, dressing in frontier style of the most remote period—with a broad-brimed (sombrero) hat, trimmed with golden-lace band and silver edge, buck-skin coat and trousers, a six-shooter and an "Arkansaw tooth-pick," of Bowie's make, encircling their waist—present to the mind of a civilized stranger visions of anticipated warefare; which, nevertheless, are often realized in a deadly result by the alert frontiersman.

Correyell county and its scenery is well worthy of some note, as we think its beauty and grandeur far superior to that of the so-called county-seat. In leaving the stone-marked line of McLennan, some twenty-one or two miles north of Waco, we enter first upon a vast plain covered with tall grass and flowers. The "Prairie-flower," (not Rosalie), with its red, white and blue tops, dazzles the eye of the weary traveler with great brilliancy, and the sweet perfume of the little desert creature, as we pluck one from the bosom of "Mother-earth," remind us of a far distant home and its twining honey-suckles and roses, and as the ray of the setting sun casts its shadow over the distant plain it renders the scene more magnificent than ever. The rippling streams, so unusually found upon the prairie, with their gurgling sound, as onward they flow to some desert abyss, present a scene, "grand gloomy and peculiar." We find jumping here and there, through the tall grass and across the road, the horned frog, "mule-eared" rabbit, (a species three times the size of a "cotton-tail," and with ears an inch and a half long), the elk, deer, etc. But to dwell long upon this fairy scene the view will sometimes suddenly change—not to one of more transcendent beauty—but to one of terrific storm and tempest. Here, upon the late scene of sunshine and beauty, the fury of the storm seems to the traveler as if the heavens, with all its mighty power, was pouring down in torrents rain that would crush him to death; he shudders with fear; a desire to reach an imaginary house pictured by a distorted fancy impells him forward; but, alas, is compelled to bear it "all in all," while surrounded by a sea of water. Wild horses, cattle, elk, deer—and now and then large herds of buffalo—may be heard thundering along, and with upward turned heads and dilated nostrils, be seen gazing in wild dismay as they caper on seemingly "to the ends of the earth."

After reaching the *flats* of the plain we encounter mountains and valleys, and as we journey through one (Correyell Valley) to Gatesville, interspersed with splendid ranches and their rambling and grazing stock, we have a fine view of the stock-raising region, and the mountain cedar-brakes on each side of us, said to be the home of the rebel deserter, during the late war, and at the foot of which now lie buried their mouldering bones. Spring, summer and fall are the seasons for gathering stock, and the stock-raisers wander many miles into adjoining counties in search for what is called their

"MARK AND BRAND,"

and with a number of men armed and equipped are frequently absent scouring the range for weeks at time. Every individual possessing a record of one hundred head of stock is considered a stock-raiser in the eyes of the law, but notwithstanding there are many who violate the law, and thereby in a year or two manage to "steal a stock" owing to the splendid opportunity afforded them, in marking and branding anything under a year old "in the shape of a calf." The gathering of stock is generally continued until late in the fall; and when they have marked and branded all that are necessary they are turned out again upon the range—to be seen no more perhaps for years—which is wide and rich, and of which Texas can proudly boast. Nothing in the stock line is kept through the winter and fed, with the exception of a few "cow-ponies" and milk-cows for immediate use. The range is good all through the winter, and as there are no falling snows nothing deprives stock of their usual feast,—although they may have to root under the tall sage grass for the most succulant.

During the changes of the moon large herds of horses and cattle are frequently stolen by the Commanche Indians, who are said to have been several times within ten miles of this place, and at the hour of midnight were pursued by the settlers and most of their property re-captured. But the places of the murdered father, mother, brother and sister cannot perhaps be filled again with the same tenderness and care, and we do hope—at least for the sake of the wives and children of these brave bordermen—that the government will heed the frequent calls for assistance made by these people—through the *Herald* and *Tribune* of New York, and the press of other cities—and let them have the power to organize a regiment of rangers, to be supported by the government—composed of men who understand Indian fighting and the geography of the frontier—and we will venture to assert that complaining will cease, the people become more happy, and the Commanches not seen again very soon this side the head-waters of the Brazos. Nemo.

From the Chicago Tribune.

SUICIDES BY KEROSENE.

One of the questions upon which there is a wide difference of opinion, is whether every person committing suicide is not necessarily more or less insane. It is possible that some light may be thrown upon this subject by the great number of suicides which are now commited in the insane attempt to kindle fires in stoves and furnaces by pouring kerosene oil upon the lighted wood or coal. Within the last thirty days over thirty deaths have been recorded as having taken place from this cause. In the light of long experience, and of common knowledge of the inflammable character of oil, and the certain consequences if the fire communicate with the contents of the can, men and women continue day after day to pour oil upon lighted fires, and are thereby themselves burned to death. If any person were to undertake to hasten the ignition of a fire by pouring gunpowder on it, he could hardly be called sane, and yet the danger of an explosion and loss of life from the use of kerosene for the same purpose is hardly less than from the use of powder. The use of kerosene by persons in the kitchen to hasten the combustion of fuel is more general than is supposed. It is used in hundreds of houses without the knowledge and against the orders of the housekeeper. In countless cases the fatal accident is the first knowledge that the head of the family has of the use of the hazardous oil. It is said by those who habitually use it: "I have used it for months, and never had an accident;" but the accident, nevertheless, comes, and the victim dies in horrible pain and suffering. That it may be used carefully without an explosion is possible, but that the careful use of it will soon fall into the careless use, ending in the literal burning alive of the unfortunate operator, is reduced to an eventual certainty. So certain is the ultimate fatality from the use of kerosene to hasten combustion of fuel in a stove that the person who adopts it for that purpose, and is burned to death, may be said to commit suicide. As well experiment with a loaded revolver against the body, or with powder poured from a flask, or with nitro-glycerine, as to pour kerosene from a can upon a lighted fire and not expect fatal consequences. With a full knowledge of all this, and with a moral certainty that death will follow, it is persistently used in thousands of houses every day. Is this not seeking death deliberately, and with a knowledge of the means employed? Is it not such a reckless disregard of probabilities as amounts either to indifference as to the consequences, or an expectation of a fatal result? It is difficult to suggest a remedy, or the means of preventing such tragedies. Everybody knows the dangerous character of kerosene when thus used, and it is no use telling such persons what they know already. But its use may be abridged, and the number of deaths reduced, if heads of families would not only prohibit the use of kerosene, but take effectual means to prevent it being used. It was related some time ago, that the head of a family having some slight cause to distrust the long and solemn denials that kerosene was used to hasten kitchen fire, tried the experiment of removing the kerosene at night and filling the can with water. The next morning there was no breakfast, the wood being reported as too wet to burn, and the stove as half filled with water. So with thousands of other cases, where its use is kept secret. The only safety is, when kerosene is permitted in the house, to see that it is kept under lock and key, where it cannot be reached. Such precaution would have saved hundreds of lives, and will continue to save them, so long as it is necessary to prevent people committing suicide by burning themselves to death while pouring kerosene upon a fire in the kitchen-stove.

Poor Man's School-Room.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, (containing 3000 illustrations,) has been said to be the "*Poor Man's School Room.*" It contains all that is necessary to a first-class elementary education—Grammar, History, Classics, Mathematics, Geography, Astronomy, and in fact nothing is wanting to make it a perfect Encyclopedia of information. A book that every family should have, as it contains illustrated definitions, thus appealing to the understanding through that swift medium of the eye.—*Morgan Mercury.*

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BLOOM OF YOUTH

BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION.

Is acknowledged and admitted to be undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the Complexion. It will remove Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, leaving it beautifully white, soft, smooth and clear. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers. Depot 5 Gold street, New York. 79

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THIS INSTITUTE WILL RE-OPEN *Wednesday, September 3d.*

For Catalogues containing particulars, address

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The discipline is as nearly as possible that of a well-regulated family.

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The accomplishments taught in fashionable schools are excluded, being considered incompatible with the serious work of pursuing a liberal course of study, and among the chief causes of the inferior education of Women.

The Male Department is already full for the ensuing year, 1873-74.

Some further applications will be received for Female Students, in both Preparatory School and College, to enter in Ninth month (September), 1873.

For catalogue and further particulars, address

EDWARD H. MAGILL, President,

Swarthmore College,

40 Swarthmore, Delaware Co., Pa.

TO THE CITIZENS OF PENNSYLVANIA—Your attention is specially invited to the fact that the National Banks are now prepared to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Centennial Board of Finance. The funds realized from this source are to be employed in the erection of the buildings for the International Exhibition, and the expenses connected with the same. It is confidently believed that the Keystone State will be represented by the name of every citizen alive to patriotic commemoration of the one hundredth birth-day of the nation. The shares of stock are offered for $10 each, and subscribers will receive a handsomely steel engraved Certificate of Stock, suitable for framing and preserving as a national memorial.

Interest at the rate of six per cent per annum will be paid on all payments of Centennial Stock from date of payment to January 1, 1876.

Subscribers who are not near a National Bank can remit a check or post-office order to the undersigned.

FRED'K. FRALEY, Treasurer,

73 904 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

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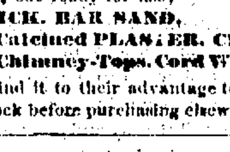
No. 25 BATH STREET BRISTOL, PA.,



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LUMBER of all descriptions;

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BRICK, BAR SAND,

Calcined PLASTER, CEMENT,

Lime, Hair, Chimney-Tops, Cord Wood, &c.

Dealers will find it to their advantage to call and examine my Stock before purchasing elsewhere. [16

GEORGE C. GILLINGHAM,

Dorrance St., bet. Wood & Pond Sts,

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Groceries & Provisions,

Which he aims to furnish to his customers, both in quality and cheapness, as low as can be anywhere obtained in this vicinity. Also,

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

By studious attention to business and the wants of customers, he hopes to secure liberal patronage. 47

FOR RENT.—A two story Frame House, situate in Pine Grove, adjoining the Borough of Bristol, until the first of April next. Rent low, and possession given immediately, by applying to MRS. MARY SARGENT,

78 Radcliffe St.

FOR SALE.—House and Lot on Dorrance Street, Bristol, 4th door below Pond St. Call on or address.

77 RICHARD HEPWORTH.

FOR SALE.—A desirable Residence on Radcliffe Street, occupied by the subscriber. Terms easy. Price moderate. Apply to

Bristol, 8th mo. 21st, 1873. D. HESTON. 69

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LOTS FOR SALE, AND HOUSES Built by Contract.

DORRANCE & LAWRENCE,

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WANTED.—A Live Yankee to establish a first-class Cotton Mill.

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WANTED.—The entire community in and around Bristol, to adopt this Column as the means of making their wants known to each other, and supplying the same.

EDITOR, on behalf of Self.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

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For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7.13, 7.41, 8.34, 8.39, 9.44, 10.01, A. M. 12.36, 3.15, 4.03, 7.36, and 8.45, P. M. Sundays, 8.45 P. M.

West Philadelphia Depot, at 3.29 A. M.; 1.03, 5.12, and 9.31 P. M.

For New York.

At 7.54, 8.18, 8.37, 9.24, and 11.47 A. M., 1.26, 4.34, and 6.20 P. M. Sunday trains, 8.13, 8.37 A. M., and 1.26 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 8.02, 8.37, 9.24, 10.55, and 11.47 A. M., 1.26, 3.05, 4.21, 4.34, 5.55, 6.07, 6.20, 7.27, 9.24 P. M., 12.38 (night.) The 8.02, 10.55, A. M., 4.34, and 6.07 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7.30, 7.50, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.15, 3.40, 4.00, 5.00, 5.30, 6.30, 8.30, P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8.30, and 11.00 A. M., 12.30, 5.30, 11.30, P. M.

From New York.

At 7.00 and 9.30, A. M., 12.30, 3.00, and 6.10, P. M.

From Trenton.

At 6.40, 7.15, 8.00, 8.15, 9.18 and 9.40, A. M., 12.08, 2.40, 3.40, 4.50, 7.00, 8.25, and 9.05, P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 5.00, A. M., and 12.00, 7.30, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 8.10, 10.30 and 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.40 and and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.20, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05, A.M. daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

A. J. CASSATT, Gen. Manager, D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. Agent.

G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.

F. W. JACKSON,

60 Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division.

PROSPECTUS.

1873. 1870.

Bucks County Gazette.

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A somewhat lengthened season of hot weather, by its debilitating impression upon the system, places the bowels in a peculiarly favorable condition to be affected by the slightest irritant; and it is at this period that an epidemic usually prevails.

An *improper* mode to cure this ailment is to give powerful astringents and narcotics, such as laudanum (opium) in large doses, which paralize the bowels.

A very proper remedy for the disease is the Cholerine Mixture, which can have no prejudicial effect upon the system, and always cures the disease perfectly, without bad after-effects. It is also just as good in Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Bilious Colic, and affections of the bowels generally. It is an excellent remedy to have near at hand in cases of sudden attack.

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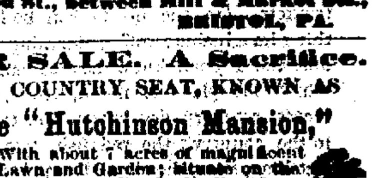

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With about 7 acres of magnificent Lawn and Garden; situate on the Beaver Dam Road, (leading from Walnut Street,) in the upper end of Bristol Borough. The House cost $15,000 in cheap times, when labor was about half the present rates. Price $12,000—Only $5,000 cash required. Cost the present owners $20,000. Apply to

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Bucks County Gazette.

Thursday, September 4, 1873.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 9.30, A. M.; 3.45 and 6.00 P. M.; Arrives 7.30 A. M., 4.45 and 8.00, P. M.

NEW YORK—Closes 8.00, A. M.; 5.00, P. M.; Arrives 9.50, A. M., 5.00, P. M.

TRENTON—Closes 7.30, 9.30, A. M., 3.45, P. M.; arrives 9.50, A. M., 4.45 and 8.00 P. M.

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10.00, A. M., 6.00, P. M.; arrives 8.30, A. M., 5.00, P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE, HULMEVILLE, ATTLEBOROUGH, NEWTOWN, WRIGHTSTOWN, PINEVILLE and BUCKINGHAM—Closes at 10.00, A. M.; arrives at 9.30, A. M.

TULLYTOWN and MORRISVILLE, and POST OFFICES on the B. D. R. R., closes 7.30, A. M.; arrives 4.45, P. M.

DOLINGTON—Arrives 9.30, A. M.; closes 10.00, A. M.

JESSE B. MEARS, P. M.

THEODORE D. RODMAN, of Hatboro', had $600 stolen from him last Saturday by a man representing himself to be a railroad contractor. The man came the "confidence dodge" upon him, and when he got possession of the funds, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

MRS. PHEBE A. THOMPSON, a lady from Worcester, Massachusetts, now sojourning among some friends in this borough and vicinity, met with quite a serious accident in town Monday afternoon. She was attempting to haul down a clothes-line in the yard of a friend, and placing her foot upon a "rickety-stool" it tilted over, causing her to fall and receive a severe fracture of the wrist.

WE learn that a committee of the Fire Company will solicit subscriptions in aid of the purchase of a bell for the engine house. The necessity of adequate means for arousing the town in case of fire is fully apparent, and although the intention appears to be to raise the funds from among the members, we do not think any of our citizens would refuse to donate a small amount for such a good purpose.

IN addition to the large amount of reading matter sent to Bristol through the mails, John Callanan, the well-known news agent on Mill street, sells over 700 daily and 500 weekly papers, besides 60 magazines, as follows: Records, 300; Ledgers, 200; Inquirers, 100; Press, 48; Age, 7 German Democrats, 7; Telegraphs, 20; Day, 10; and New York dailies, 25. Of the weeklies, he disposes of 90 New York Ledgers, 55 New York Weeklies, 90 Saturday Nights, 30 Fireside Companions, 12 Star Journals, 75 Bucks Co. Gazettes, 50 Bristol Observers, and 100 miscellaneous publications.

BUCKS COUNTY REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The Delegates to this county meeting assembled at Doylestown on Tuesday, for the purpose of forming a judiciary and county ticket. Richard Watson, Esq., of Doylestown, was nominated for Associate Law Judge of the district, and S. F. Long for Senator, both subject to the decision of the Northampton conferees. Henry Kratz and A. H. Clayton were nominated for Assemblymen. The following county ticket was chosen: Associate Judge, Jesse Twining; District Attorney, A. Fachenthall; Treasurer, J. H. Worstall; Commissioner, L. L. Jacoby; Director, C. Fellman; Auditor, A. K. Wambold; Jury Commissioner, J. Van Buskirk.

THE Bucks County Bible Society held its annual meeting last Thursday. Rev. Hurley Baldy, of Doylestown, conducted the services, and Bishop Stevens, of Philadelphia, delivered the annual sermon. The Report of the Treasurer showed that the receipts of the society for the year were $189.13. The receipts at the meeting, in addition, were $117.95. The society resolved to employ a canvasser, to collect funds and supply the destitute with bibles. The officers for the next year are Wm. Stavely, President, Rev. S. M. Andrews, D. D., Secretary, and D. K. Turner, Treasurer. The society will hold its next meeting at Davisville, on the last Thursday in August, 1874.

THE contractors for the grading of the N. E. P. Railroad are having a shanty built on the ground bought by the Railroad Company of Mrs. Luff, at the Street road. The main building is 16 by 32 feet, and two stories high, with a 10 by 12 feet kitchen back. Robert Ritchie, who is the builder, says that there will be a commissary building and stables put up on the same ground. The shanty is to accommodate about twenty-five or thirty men. On this section of the road white men will be employed to do the grading. Work was commenced on the farm of Stephen Yerkes on Saturday, at a distance of about two hundred yards from the Street road. The fences and woods have been cleared from off the line of the road, the farms being thrown into commons.

IT strikes us that there should be a less steep incline at the foot of Mill street. Large quantities of freight are daily forwarded and received by the John A. Warner. The horses, many of which have traveled eight or ten miles to reach this landing, stagger up the hill under their loads, exciting the pity of every one who takes an interest in the brute creation. The Borough Council would confer a great benefit upon our carters, as well as the country store-keepers, by rendering the ascent more easy. A few years ago the hill at Market street was skinned, and teams were driven along Water street to the Warner's wharf, on account of the steep grade of the former. This has been overcome in a great measure; and the application of a few loads of gravel or the spalls accumulating at Mitchell & Kirkman's stone-cutting yard, would make a great change for the better. There should also be a shed over the wharf. Our neighbors of Burlington have provided ample shelter for man and beast, and it is incumbent on us to do the same. The cost would be trifling compared to the advantages which would ensue. Much valuable freight is now left exposed to damage from the weather, and persons having business at the landing, or waiting for friends to arrive, have no protection from the sun or rain.

SUICIDE AT SOUTHAMPTON.—On Thursday morning of last week a very sad event happened in Southampton township. Mr. Robert Blake, son of George Blake, who bought the Miles property a short time since, committed suicide. It appears that Mrs. Blake got up a little earlier than usual, so that she might make butter in the cool of the morning. Mr. Blake, saying he did not feel very well, did not arise. She had not been down long when her little boy, who was in the same bed with his father, and who is about six or seven years old, come and told his mother that his father was all over blood. On going to the room she found her husband with the upper and back parts of his head blown off, and scattered over all parts of the room. Soon the neighbors collected, and a jury being formed by 'Squire Hogeland, an inquest was held over the body, and in accordance with the facts a verdict of suicide was rendered. Mr. W. Raisner, who dressed the head, furnishes the following facts: Mr. Blake had shot himself with a shot-gun; that he had placed the muzzle of the gun just in front of his ear, and had pulled the trigger with his toe. His reason for thinking thus is because his fingers and face were blackened by the powder. No reason can be given for his committing the act. Some thought that it was on account of being in debt and a failure of some of his crops; but, that could not have been the cause, as Mr. Blake's father, being a very wealthy man, had told his son that if he wanted any money he could get it of him. Mr. Blake was a young man, being about thirty years old, and was very much beloved by his family, and was considered an exemplary neighbor. The occurrence has cast a gloom over the neighborhood.

IT is reported that quantities of iron ore are found along the line of the Newtown Railroad.

THE Tullytown Methodist Church hold a Harvest Home in Wharton's Grove to-day.

EMILIE SCHILLER, of Hulmeville, was badly bitten by a dog last Thursday.

WE were favored with a call from N. F. Knott, of Holmesburg *Gazette*, yesterday.

MAHLON B. CRAVEN, of Richboro', informs us that he has a work in press on the "Religion of the Age."

TIMOTHY READ, a carpenter living at Tullytown, fell from a building in Trenton and broke one of his legs.

ALL communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the real name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith.

FRIEND TILTON, of the Hulmeville *Beacon*, has been wandering around among the newspaper offices in New York.

THE Exhibition of the Doylestown Agricultural and Mechanics' Institute begins on Tuesday, the 9th of October, and will close on the following Friday.

THE regular term of September Court will begin in Doylestown on Monday next. The criminal docket is larger than usual, ten persons awaiting trial.

THE Bucks County Teachers' Institute will begin on Monday, November 23d. The services of Prof. Northrop, of Connecticut, have been engaged.

As the season for rail and reed bird shooting has commenced, the lively description of our correspondent concerning the method of capturing them will be read with interest.

MISS LILLIE S. BACHE, of Bristol, formerly assistant teacher in the Boys' Grammar School, has been appointed an assistant in the Curry Institute, located at Pittsburgh, Pa.

JOSEPH NAYLOR'S house, corner of Wood and Dorrance streets, was visited by thieves Saturday night. Nothing was taken except some cold victuals found in the cellar.

THE application of Abram Anderson and Harrison Kaibach, of this county, for an extension of their patent for horizontal water wheels, was refused by the Commissioner.

W. W. ROSS, of Newportville, was fined $5 by Burgess Scott, on Tuesday last, for fast driving through Mill street on Sunday evening, August 10th.

LAST Monday evening a loan of $800 was sold at the monthly meeting of the Neshaminy Building Association of Hulmeville at seven per cent. premium.

J. LOVETT'S shoe shop, situated on Mill street, was entered by burglars last Saturday night, and over twenty dollars' worth of goods taken. The burglars effected an entrance by prying open the shutter of the front window.

A LITTLE daughter of Lewis Patterson, aged about three and a half years, fell from a cart last Saturday afternoon, and broke her collar bone. She received the necessary medical attendance from Dr. Groom.

THE Grove meeting last Sabbath was addressed by Revs. Dennison, Perkins and others. The increased attendance and the interest manifested at their meetings, are very gratifying to those who labor in the cause of Christianity.

BUCKS county has 235 public school buildings, 17 frame, and 218 brick or stone. Six new houses were built during the year, one in Wrightston, Milford, Bedminster and Upper Makefield, and two in Hilltown.

AT the election of officers of the Aurora Literary Society of Eddington, the following were chosen for the September term: For President, E. Helmbold, Jr.; Secretary, C. E. Jackson; Treasurer, W. H. Smith, Jr.

THE Second Annual Report of the Bensalem Building Association has been published. The number of shares is 180. There was $2,200 invested in real estate during the year. The profit per share was $4.04½, the present value of each share being $28.04½.

THERE was a peace meeting held in Wm. Geontness' grove on Sunday. The speakers were Lucretia Mott, Mr. Spear and Caroline Spear: also another, whose name we did not learn. The meeting was quite large, there being about five hundred people present.

AT a meeting of the directors of N. Penn. & N. E. P. Railroad last week, it was decided to continue the N. E. P. R. R. on to Centerville, this road now being in the hands of the North Penn. This decision we may expect soon to be carried out.

THE Bristol Building Association, at its regular monthly meeting, last Monday evening, sold five loans to Thomas Harkins, at $20 per loan; four loans to Horatio I. Kurtz, at $22 per loan; and three loans to Joseph C. Foster, at $19 per loan.

THE cellar of Samuel Hellings, corner of Wood and Walnut streets, was entered by burglars Saturday night. The thieves were content with peach pies, cold potatoes, and other edibles, and left without arousing the inmates of the house.

CHAS. RANDALL, who resides near China, in this township, about ten days ago, while playing with a pen-knife, thrust it into his leg and severed an artery. Since then, mortification has ensued and amputation of the limb is rendered necessary.

ON the evening of the 23d ult., Mr. Buskirk and family, of Hartsville, having gone to a festival at Hatboro', no one being left at home, the house was entered by burglars and the drawers and closets thoroughly ransacked. The miscreants got but little for their trouble.

ON Saturday Mr. Welsh, one of the gentlemen connected with the Newtown Railroad, on entering the stable connected with the shanty at Churchville, was kicked by a vicious horse, and it was supposed had the superior maxillary bone broken. He received prompt medical attention by Dr. Clayton of Richboro'.

THE grist mill of John T. Neely, in the lower end of Solebury, was entirely destroyed by fire last Thursday night. The loss is estimated at $4,000. Insured in the Farmers and Mechanics Mutual of Buckingham for $1,875. It is supposed that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

THE workmen on the railroad bridge over the Neshaminy, who were defrauded out of their money by the Logans, have been paid $2,000 by James W. Sellers & Co., the contractors of the road. The liberality of the contractors in paying twice for the same work contrasts very favorably with the established notions of the average business men of the day.

JAMES M. SLACK, ESQ., of the firm of Thos. Hughes & Co., agreeably surprised the members of the First Presbyterian Church of this borough last Thursday evening, by having the floor of the lecture room covered with an elegant carpet. The affair had been conducted with so much secrecy that no one connected with the church was aware of the gift.

THE anniversary of the Sunday School of the Reformed Church of Pleasantville was held last Thursday, in the woods of Thomas Wilson, about two miles from the church, and was largely attended. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Rodrock and Allen, and by Mr. Christian, of Whitehallville. The day was pleasant and the enjoyment was unlimited.

LAST Sunday morning, about seven o'clock, the house on Dorrance street between Pond and the railroad, occupied by Mr. Samuel Burgess, and owned by the Pierce Brothers, was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was given, and the neighbors, with buckets of water, succeeded in extinguishing the flames before the arrival of the steamer. The origin of the fire is a mystery. It originated in a large closet which had not been opened for two weeks previous. Mr. Burgess' loss in bedding and clothing contained in the closet is considerable. The loss to Pierce Brothers is from $300 to $500. The building was insured.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

HARRISBURG vs. BRISTOL.

ED. GAZETTE:—In an industrial or business point of comparison, if not in local advantages, (the latter difference being our position upon a tidal river, navigable for steam and sailing craft of sufficient tonnage to meet any demand required by manufacturing establishments,) twenty-five years ago Harrisburg and Bristol were so comparable that the one might almost have been taken as the counterpart of the other; and, as to each locality, the natural and artificial advantages then existing still remain relatively much the same. Observing in the Harrisburg *Patriot* a resume of some of the more important industrial pursuits now in active operation in that city, giving also the sums respectively dispensed for labor performed, I felt an emotion of pleasure, and yet abashed, that this former inland village should have so far outstripped Bristol, in the period noted, as to have entirely emerged from its resemblance, and grown into a city and manufacturing locality of notable pretensions. Yes, a quarter-century agone, Harrisburg was but a social, gossiping town, (as Bristol then was and still is,) having not more than three or four prominent streets, and these at that time, about fairly comparable with what our Mill and lower intersections of streets were and are to-day. At the Capital very little business was done in the town outside of hotels, boarding-houses, and by store-keepers, who did business commensurate with home wants and the requirements of boatmen traversing the canal—(just as a like phase of these matters still exist here); and during a recess or at the close of a legislative session, the villagers sank into apathy from June to December.

We believe it was Governor Porter who first awakened the dormant energies of the people, (as the Messrs. Peirce Bros., Messrs. Hughes & Slack, Owen Jones & Co., and others of Bristol are here now endeavoring,) giving direction to and arousing the public mind in that locality to active, diversified manufacturing. The early beginnings were a few years rather unpromising, but little by little new pursuits became engrafted—and Harrisburg *is* a manufacturing city. Among its most enterprising and successful men, the writer finds names of several below mentioned, who were once his early companions, then as eagerly pursuing pleasure as they have since their adopted avocations; and now, in 1873, the *Patriot* records the outgrowth of these industries, to wit:

"Living in this city, and paid by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., are over a regiment of men, to whom is paid $75,000 per month. This is a fountain of greenbacks in our city, and the spray from this source, as it falls over us in the shape of V's and X's, delights the hearts of our people. Millions of money will be paid out by this giant corporation this year in laying a double track, much of which we doubt not will find its way to this place. The exact number of men employed by this corporation, as certified in writing in answer to our communications on the subject, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, is 1100 men, and in the car shops 1100 men and boys. We have from other large manufacturing establishments similar courteous answers as to the number of men employed, which we will now proceed to give, viz:

"Lochiel Iron Mills, under the management of Mr. A. S. Dull, and which are now in a thriving condition, 650 men employed, and $28,000 paid out for labor alone every month.

"The Pennsylvania Steel works employ 600 men, and pay out $28,000 per month to labor alone. Of these works our report from the efficient management is much more voluminous than from any of the others. They pay out $300,000 per month, of which $25,000 go for freight and the rest for material.

"The Harrisburg Cotton Factory employs 280 persons, and pays out monthly the sum of $1,000 for labor.

"The Eagle Works employ 125 men, and pay out on an average, $8,000 per month for labor alone.

"The Benj. Singerly printing-house employs in all about 182 hands, and pays out $8,000 per month for labor alone.

"Colonel Harry McCormick pays out at his furnace the sum of $5,000; at his rolling-mill in this city, $10,000, making $15,000 per month, besides paying out across the river the sum of $17,000 per month, or, altogether, the enormous sum of $32,000, and employs 600 men.

"The Central Iron Works, under the management of R. R. Christman, employs 85 men, and pays out $6,000 per month for labor alone.

"Bay & Brother employ 13 men and pay out $400 per month.

"Mr. Jones Wister pays out at his furnace the sum of $2200 per month for labor alone, and employs regularly forty men.

"Price & Brother, at their furnace, employ thirty-five men, and pay out $2,000 per month.

"The Chesapeake Nail Works, belonging to the Messrs. Charles and Dr. George Baily, employ two hundred and fifty men, and pay out monthly, for wages alone, $10,000.

"Daniel T. Wilson at the present time employs from thirty-five to forty men, and pays out from $4,500 to $5,000 per month for labor alone.

"The Northern Central Railroad, although only having its terminus here, pays out for labor alone to persons who reside here, about $5,000 per month.

"The Lebanon Valley Railroad, situated as the Northern Central, pays out about $8,000.

"W. W. Jennings, at his foundry, employs about twenty men, and pays out about $10,000 per month.

"Parsons & Finney employ about thirty men, and pay out about $2,500 per month.

"Bigler & Son pay out the sum of $3,500 per month to labor alone in their saw-mill and brick yard.

"Zimmerman & Kleckner employ about thirty men and boys, and pay out about $500 for labor per month.

"Muench's brick yard about the same, and Divens', about twenty men and boys, pays out about $1,000 per month.

"D. D. Boas, Trullinger & Bro. and John B. Simmon, each employ about thirty men and pay about $2,000 per month at their planing mills and lumber yards.

"Elder & Brother about twenty men, and pay out about $1,500 per month.

"The Harrisburg *Telegraph* employs on an average twenty-five men and ten boys the year around, and pays about $2,200 per month for labor.

"The *Patriot* pays out about $2,500 per month and employs about thirty-five men and boys."

There is another leading side to this great matter of industrial advancement, and one which necessarily must follow. Here we have presented, in sum total, $220,000, monthly, to find its way through other living channels, and an accretion to the population of perhaps some 5,000 working-men, with their families, which, without such impulse, would not have concentered at Harrisburg. Heretofore, under the usual "rotation system" in farming, with distant market demand for farm products, the value of land advanced but slowly; but now, with a market brought *to their farms*, the rich, limestone soils of Dauphin and Cumberland counties, thereabout, have been compelled to leave the "old beaten track," and yield in lieu thereof "garden supplies" to feed these toiling thousands and their families. Evidently to my mind there is a reciprocal relationship binding together all industries, farming especially included, for it is the farmer who must feed us, and receive his pay *accordingly as other industries prosper* in his neighborhood. About a year ago a market-gardener in the vicinity of Bristol, declared to me, that he wished there had never been a factory or iron-works erected in Bristol, for then he could readily employ help as required and upon his own terms. This, indeed, might be; but is it not a question, if our mills were vacated, whether he would have much inducement to employ even cheap labor?

W. B.

THEATRICAL SEASON OF 1873-'4.

At the Walnut St. theatre (Phila. extensive improvements have been made. The whole house has been thoroughly renovated, and the frescoing of the ceiling and proscenium repainted and gilded where necessary. The walls, have been re-papered, and the floors handsomely carpeted. The regular season opened Monday, Aug. 11th, with "Tempest," which, after a successful run of two weeks, was withdrawn to make room for "Lotta," who appears in the "Little Detective," a protean play, in which she assumes five characters.—Crowded houses are the result of her appearance.

The Arch St. theatre has undergone similar improvements. The painters, carpenters and upholsterers have been busy; additional seats in certain portions of the house were found to be necessary. The neat appearance of this house seems to be well appreciated by the large numbers who have visited it during the present week. The attraction is "The Black Crook," which is produced under the management of Bidwell and MacDonough. The regular season at the Arch does not open until the 22d of September. Mrs. John Drew will, as usual, have charge.

The Chestnut St. theatre has also been renovated and thoroughly cleansed; and will shortly open under the management of E. L. Davenport, who will no doubt make a successful season of it.

Col. Wood's museum remained open throughout the entire summer. It will be closed, however, for a week in present month, in order to have all necessary improvements made. Caroline Richings is presently engaged at this place; she is popular and draws large houses. The public will no doubt be sorry to learn that her engagement is a limited one. The curiosities in the Museum department are as usual attractive.

Arch St. opera house.—Simmons and Slocum have returned and opened their opera house, for the fourth season. New artists have been engaged, and of such a character that they add largely to the fine entertainments always given at this house.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

THE NEW PAPER.

Our daily mail brought us the new paper. We were resting under the shadow of a great rain storm, with the vital energies depressed, and feeling as blue as the skimmed milk in our cellar, when we said, with a toss of impatience, "A new paper." Have we not more already than we can read? So we went on darning our stockings, resolved to bestow but little attention upon the new comer. By-and-by the stockings were mended, and "curiosity" (woman's rightful inheritance) induced us to take a peep at its contents. We generally begin at the beginning of all new things; so we read the first article, a little poem, "By the Sea." It charmed us, and we read it again. By this time the feeling of impatience had vanished, and with growing interest we ran over column after column. The contributions seemed of more than ordinary merit. We liked the editorial, and the spirit of the press (most of it cordial in its tone) pleased us. We thought there was in it a spirit of "Live and let live," which suggested to us the idea that possibly mankind might be growing less selfish than of old. Thus we spent an hour pleasantly, having visited in the interim Atlantic City, Cape May, Bristol Common, and the Alps, and with the sound of the tingle of the bells in our ears, as the peasant boys recalled their herds, we laid the paper down with this soliloquy: "We'll take it." P.

Byberry, 8th mo. 27th, 1873.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

CHOLERA.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I notice an article in your last number upon the subject of cholera, which, as it is likely to mislead unprofessional readers, I wish to correct, more especially as the writer infers many physicians coincide with him in his peculiar views, or at least cannot successfully controvert them. As some statements are made to which all writers refer and deny, he will allow me to point them out to him. He tells us the disease first manifests itself *without* nausea; but if he will examine Wood, or Watson, or Flint, or Da Costa, or any other standard medical work, he will find they all say the disease is frequently ushered in by *vomiting* and purging, producing a terribly depressed physical condition. In these cases there are no premonitory symptoms—no diarrhœa, no head-ache—no lassitude, but the patient is stricken suddenly while enjoying the best of health. This will also successfully refute another statement in which he says it takes four days to incubate—the diarrhœa may exist in those who have it at all, one day, or one week, or more, before cholera supervenes. There is no regular time for its duration.

He tells us "the parasite does not enter the system through the stomach because clean and unclean alike breathe the *atmosphere* and would alike be subject to attack." As no *parasite* has ever been discovered in the discharges of a person having cholera, but *microscopic fungi* (vegetable growths) have, the latter term is appropriate and the former not; but that is not what I wish to refer to. What relation is there between the atmosphere and the stomach? The atmosphere does not necessarily enter the stomach at all, and although it might be loaded with a deleterious admixture, it would not be observable primarily in the stomach. The air enters the lungs and is carried into the blood, and then distributed to every part of the body. Now, suppose some of these morbid fungi are floating in the air. They have been ejected from a person with the disease. They enter the blood through the lungs, and finding themselves in a congenial element, they increase with enormous rapidity. The system, finding itself loaded with a poisonous material, makes an effort to rid itself of it, and establishes the diarrhœa and the vomiting by conveying the fungi into the intestines and stomach. This theory has been held by some of the most learned men of the medical profession, and any one can readily see how plausible it is. But I wish to show your correspondent that the disease can, and does, on some occasions enter the system through the stomach. Watson mentions a severe epidemic of cholera in Soho, attributed to the water of a pump being contaminated with the contents of a sewer—and Bethlem Hospital and an asylum for children, containing seven hundred patients, had not had a case since they sank artesian wells on their premises, being dissatisfied with the water they previously received, although they have passed through three epidemics and the disease has been in their immediate vicinity; further, and to settle the question beyond dispute, Aitkens mentions several experimenters who conveyed the disease to dogs and cats by means of the rice-water discharges. Your correspondent makes the assertion the disease is not communicated by the atmosphere. I would like him to explain how it is possible for the contagion to reach individuals entirely isolated from others sick with it, of which I can furnish him with undisputed examples, if he desires it. And he also quite ignores the fact that some people are so constituted that a morbific agent which will produce the most disastrous results upon other people, will not have the slightest appreciable effect upon them. His theory of the poison entering the body is a very improbable one, and I can assure him a foreign substance is no more apt to enter the rectum when the body is in a state of repose than at any other time. He must bear in mind that the intestinal canal terminates in an involuntary sphincter muscle, and its repose is in its contraction, which closes the orifice as effectually as when the person is awake and in a state of activity. But if he has anything to demonstrate his theory, I shall be very glad to know it. A theory on such subjects is of but little value, but experimental observation has frequently proved to be of the most marked benefit to the medical fraternity and mankind in general.

C. B.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

EDITOR GAZETTE:—I read with great interest (in the GAZETTE of August 28th) the article on the subject of cholera. I do not purpose, at this time, to give my own views as concurring in or dissenting from the general theories there advanced; but from some of the arguments adduced in support of said theories, I must wholly dissent. At the best, the arguments set forth in favor of both the cause and propagation of the disease, are too meagre to furnish conclusive evidence of the truth of any theory, while some are founded on representations, as facts, which yet remain to be *proven as facts*.

My purpose, however, at present, is to show that the views there maintained are not new, that the writer has made no new discovery, as the whole spirit and letter of his article would lead any one to suppose.

These theories are well known to Homeopathic physicians, and have been known in that school of medicine ever since its introduction to the world. In evidence of this, I refer to "Appeal to thinking philanthropists respecting the mode of propagation of the Asiatic cholera," by Samuel Hahnemann, published in 1831, and found in his "Lesser Writings."

On the writer's first point, respecting the propagation of cholera—against the view that it is communicated through the atmosphere, Hahnemann gives many more and far better arguments than are given by the writer. Too much is said on that point to quote in this paper, unless called for. As to the cause (which, as the writer remarks, is not proven to a mathematical certainty)—Hahnemann, in speaking of its infection and rapid spread, says: "On board ships, in those confined spaces, filled with mouldy, watery vapors, the cholera-miasm finds a favorable element for its multiplication, and grows into an enormously increased brood of those excessively minute, invisible, living creatures, so inimical to human life, of which the contagious matter of cholera most probably consists." * * * * * "The cause of this (infection) is undoubtedly the invisible cloud that hovers closely around the sailors who have remained free from the disease, and which is composed of probably millions of those miasmatic animated beings, which, at first developed on the broad marshy banks of the tepid Ganges, always searching out, in preference, the human being to his destruction, and attaching themselves closely to him, when transferred to distant and even colder regions, become habituated to these also, without any diminution either of their unhappy fertility or of their fatal destructiveness." * * * * "Physicians and nurses, fortified against the miasm, take away with them in their clothes, in their skin, in their hair, probably, also in their breath, the invisible (probably animated) and perpetually reproductive contagious matter surrounding the cholera patient they have just visited." And speaking of the curative and preventive virtues of camphor (which, as a cure for cholera, was first discovered by him), he says, "but by the cure of the disease with pure camphor, they (the physicians) would at the same time eradicate and annihilate the miasm (that probably consists of innumerable, invisible, living beings) in and about the patient, about themselves, even in the clothes, the linen, the bed of the patient, in the very furniture and walls of the apartment also."

Thus I have shown that the substance of the views, as to the probable cause and propagation of cholera, set forth by the writer as some new thing under the sun, were brought forward and published by Hahnemann nearly half a century since; and whatever honor belongs to such a discovery, belongs, if not to him, certainly not to one of this day.

It is, to say the least, very provoking and rather discouraging for one to spend months, even years in study and anxiety at work on some invention, and, when applying for a patent before heralding the discovery to the world, be informed that the same thing had been introduced to the public years before; much worse for him if he finds his next neighbor has one in use. But who is to blame for his misfortune? So, if the writer of said article, after a time, finds out that his new (?) theory has long been known to those whom he will not recognize as his medical compeers, whose is the fault? To himself and to the unfounded and inveterate prejudice which the majority of medical men of his school professionally bear towards the disciples of Hahnemann, he owes his mistake.

It is well-known that the founder of Homeopathy and his followers long fought against the barbarous practice of blood-letting and the inhuman treatment with large and injurious doses of poisonous drugs; when, at last, their opponents of the other school suddenly waked up to the fact that the former was rarely needed, and that the human system had changed and did not need so much medicine; when pressed too hard by an intelligent public, they at last discovered, as they thought, a new thing. Perhaps, if the writings of Samuel Hahnemann and his followers were *read* and *studied*, more discoveries would be made, and, for the good of the public. When will truth be investigated and accepted for its own sake and for the good of mankind?

SIMILIA.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

RAIL SHOOTING.

Awakened at 3 A. M., by the sturdy rap of Weaver's cane, we run down stairs, put the draft on the fire, and by the time we are rigged out in canvas gunning suit, with great boots reaching above the knees, we find the coffee ready. A hasty breakfast follows, and, snatching our guns, we are off for the Rancocas marshes.

We leave the wharf in our light skiffs as the Warner's bell rings for half-past three, and pulling a steady, even stroke, a brisk row of six miles brings us to our gunning grounds.

A faint gleam of yellow just begins to streak the east, and dimly separates marsh from river. Over the reeds the chatter of the blackbirds is heard, as they make ready to greet the first rays of the morning sun.

We each take position in the bow, bracing ourselves firmly, that no motion of the boat may pitch us into the river. Behind, at the stern, with his long pole, is the pusher. He must be powerful and stalwart, for our success rests upon his muscle and skill. The boats slowly glide along the borders of the reeds, one up the stream, the other down. Soon my pusher whispers, "down, low down, teal." Obeying his injunctions, I see coming up the river, the fastest bird that flies, skimming the water like an arrow, the beautiful, green-winged teal. There are four of them, coming right towards us, swerving neither to the right nor left. Now they are within distance, and rising upon my knee, as the birds poise an instant to change their line of flight, the eye glances along the brown barrel, the ready hammer resounds to the slight touch on the trigger, and a plump drake drops within twenty yards of the boat. With my other barrel I drop another, while the pusher, taking them as they pass, lays a glossy drake among the reeds. Three beauties; but, hist, the reports have startled them, and before we can reload, a bunch of twenty almost brush us as they pass in their swift, silent flight. Hurriedly the loads are rammed home, and down we go again; for up from the distant meadow, we mark a pair of black ducks swinging along toward the feeding-ground. The sun is darting his rays upon us, and close in among the reeds we lie, scarce daring to move; but, with all our caution, the wary birds distinguish us and are off for the other side of the river. So we enter the reeds. Before the boat has advanced ten feet among the tall grass, up goes a rail-bird, his dangling legs hanging listlessly down, winging his way just over the tops of the oatdocks. A half-ounce of shot captures him, and before we can push to him another starts up, and then another, and rapidly we load and fire. Never mind about finding them, the pusher has marked the spot where they fell. Still another flies; he is more fortunate; we see him quietly drop at the distance of thirty yards ahead, unscathed. Loading again, we move. The dead birds lie among the oats, with nothing to mark their places. I have entirely lost their locality; but, with a sort of instinct, the pusher moves to the very spot and picks up every bird. Thus the sport continues. No danger of missing many of them; their slow, straight line of flight affords easy aim. But all at once, from under our very bow, six teal fairly jump; the boat's head is slewed around—for my pusher will not shoot from behind me—and four barrels empty their contents at the swift-flying ducks. As usual, only one is killed; too much haste destroys the aim. We regret the momentary excitement, and loading again, brace ourselves with the determination to keep cool. And now a flock of reed birds come over; waiting until they bunch up together, we fire.

Fat as butter, and as golden are they; juicy, toothsome morsels over which an epicure would linger and sigh for more capacity. Twenty-one of them are picked up and safely stowed under the bow, where we have now a goodly pile. We push towards the other boat; every moment, almost, a rail-bird starts from his covert and is cut down by a rapid shot. Other gunners are on the marshes. The receding tide admonishes us to leave, and we have before us a long pull home. "Home it is, John," and the guns are discharged, the oars placed in the swivels, and as we near the other skiff, we take an account of stock. Nine lovely teal, three dozen reed, and seven dozen rail make up the united store.

The habits and appearance of the rail-bird have invested it with a peculiar interest. Many absurd ideas of their origin exist. The marshes may be full in the evening, and if a cold northwester springs up in the night, you may beat them through the next morning without finding a bird. Some have supposed they buried themselves in the mud, while others as firmly believe—owing probably to their peculiar note, which faintly resembles the frog—that they spring from the *Batrachia* like the chrysalis from the worm.

The truth is, they migrate to the south in the fall and return in the spring; facts show this fully. Most of them winter in the West Indies and Mexico. It appears astonishing that a bird which rarely flies a hundred yards at once, and even that short distance with apparent difficulty, could possibly make such a voyage; but the bird can swim much better than fly, so by alternately flying and swimming they are enabled to perform these long journeys.

But here we are at the wharf, boats fastened, guns and birds gathered up, and with a first-rate appetite, we arrive at the house in time for our second breakfast, and sure of a savory meal at tea-time. Would you know the blessing of good health? Would you feel the renewed vigor of life in every muscle, and have your brain clear for the business of the day? Go, take such a trip while your lazy neighbors are in bed, and though you come back—as we often do—without a feather, you will feel the blood leap in your veins, and will enjoy the late breakfast your wife so daintily prepares, with a gusto the indolent can never know.

Then the pleasure of sending to each sick friend a neat bunch of luscious reed-birds, and of seeing your family enjoy at supper the fruits of the morning's exercise. Should you be the happy recipient of a half-dozen reed-birds, Mr. Editor, try my recipe. Hollow out a sweet potato, enclose the bird in it, tie it up, bake until done. It is a simple plan, but if well done, and you have but few birds, you will cry for more. * * * * *

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

A BURLINGTON INCIDENT.

Business calling me to the above-named city a few days since, I was surprised by the unusually deserted appearance of the streets which I first entered. This was explained when calling on several business men of the city, by being told in each case by a subordinate, that "boss has gone to see the girl walk the tight-rope," and each speaking with a disconsolate air that plainly told of blighted hopes in not seeing the lady himself.

Being thus defeated in my business interviews by the superior attractions of a tight-rope walker, I sought the successful competitor for my friends' attention, at the Post-Office, in front of which the aerial slack-wire was stretched—and the wondering multitude stood gazing at it. On inquiring of a friend, I learned that they had stood there from before three o'clock, the hour announced for the performance, until four—when the managing man addressed them as follows: "The celebrated and wonderful artiste, Mdlle. ——, will walk the length of yonder wire rope, when she will descend and take up a collection: after which she will perform many of the most difficult, daring and dangerous feats the eye of man hath yet witnessed." The Mdlle. had appeared, walked the length of the rope, and had descended.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that I most opportunely arrived—just in time to have the wonderful Mdlle. hand her little jockey-hat, with an entirely irresistible smile, and being the last arrival, she commenced with me. You may well imagine the embarrassment of a bashful man, for I scarcely comprehended the situation, when those thousand people and more were, as I fancied, all looking at me. By instinct my hands went into my pockets, and the first article found may have been a button, a car-ticket, a cent, or a five-dollar bill; but I only know that I was very thankful afterwards that in my confusion I had not given her my new three-hundred-dollar chronometer.

This sad experience, considering that I had not witnessed the performance, was a practical fulfillment of the principle announced by that prince of showmen, Artemus Ward, in his reply to the women of Baldwinsville. They asked him if they "could go in without payin'?"—and were told "not egsactly; but you kin pay without goin' in."—Instead of seeing without paying, I was cruelly compelled to pay without seeing.

The collection being soon completed, all were gazing intently at the rope, when, instead of the lady and her daring feats, the unwelcome manager appeared, like the wax-works yankee in the song, and spoke as follows: "In consequence of the rain wetting the rope, it is in such a condition that Mdlle. —— cannot perform, and we are compelled to postpone."—This conveyed much information about the weather, for none knew that it had rained or was then raining, and having been looking at the clouds for more than an hour, they were much surprised at his statement, although it did look as if it might rain during the day. Still, the Mdlle. showed that when judged by that criterion of good sense about "knowing enough to go in when it rains," she had the uncommon sense and unusual strength of intellect to go in when it didn't rain, and when the unanimous opinion of those assembled was that she should stay out. The manager's "rain speech" closed the afternoon's performance, and the Burlingtonians slowly and somewhat sadly dispersed, no wiser but slightly poorer, with patience sorely tried, feet and limbs tired from long standing, necks strained from continual looking upward, good humor affected but disappointment evident, and all presenting that cheap appearance which the human commodity invariably does when badly sold.

The only pleasant reflection the writer enjoyed was, that this performance was not in Bristol, and he hopes the celebrated Mdlle. —— will not visit us.

TRAVELER.

FRIENDS' QUARTERLY MEETING.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—Bucks Quarterly Meeting of Friends, held on 8th mo. 28th, at Fallsington, was largely attended by members composing that quarter, together with a number of traveling Friends with minutes from their different meetings. Thomas Foulk, from New York, Elizabeth Matthews, from Baltimore, and Rachel Tilton, from Shrewsbury, N. J., all acknowledged ministers from their several places of residence. Much valuable speaking and addresses were handed forth to the people, giving to saint and sinner their portion in due season. The youth were particularly addressed and exhorted to seek the Lord in the morning of their days, thus early dedicating themselves in the service of their blessed Master, showing to the world that there is a divine reality in the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Elizabeth Plumly, a member of our own quarter, labored faithfully during the sittings of the quarter.

W******

ARTICLES relating to any topic within the scope of this paper are solicited.

WE learn that the citizens of Hulmeville intend to apply to the September Court for a jury upon the proposed new road to Bristol. It is to be hoped that they will meet with co-operation at this end, so as to secure a proper inlet to the borough. We much need a good road for pleasure driving, and this properly located, will furnish such an one. A self-appointed joint committee from the two places, propose to make a preliminary review of the route in a few days.

LAST Saturday, Mr. Wm. Booz left his horse and wagon a moment to step into Hill's store, at the foot of Mill street. While gone his horse, becoming frightened at an approaching stage coach, started and ran across the bridge and hurled the wagon against the lamp post in front of J. Wesley Wright's store, breaking the lamp, a wagon wheel and axle. This is the third or fourth time the same lamp has been broken by runaway horses.

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

SAVING UP FOR A RAINY DAY.

HOLMESBURG, Sept. 1st, 1873.

Just over the way is a beautiful lawn; a tasteful fence encloses it, and gracefully winding through it is a hard rolled gravel path. Long ago, the owner, with a wise forethought as to the future, planted both fruit and shades trees on it. On the front a row of maple, and farther back cherry and pear trees, with a mixture, in good taste, of Norway pine spruce, and a few of the smaller shrubs. This was years ago—long before he was ready to build his homestead. This he had, however, all completed mentally. He was a young man, but wise enough to anticipate the future's needs. The site—in the rough—was in no way desirable; but in his vision of the future, adorned as he intended it should be, and as the interesting locality which was to contain his future home, it was just what the present beholder finds it—lovely to look upon—and altogether desirable. The frail twigs, which he planted long ago, are now affording a grateful shade; and people, as they pass along the road beneath them, bless him for the luxury, and say: "Why do not other property holders do as this man has done?"

The spacious mansion, that now stands on the center of this lawn, is in part, of recent construction. When he first laid out his lot, and planted his trees, he was not in need of a house. He was a young unmarried man; but he said to himself "It will not always be so;" and in anticipation of what the future might develope, bought and arranged his first purchase.

His next effort was to make his lot a paying investment. To this purpose he determined on the practice of a wise economy, and soon found himself able to erect an humble frame structure. It was in the fulfillment of a part of his general plan—of some day, erecting an imposing dwelling. He was, in fact, beginning at the back kitchen, and building forward as time rolled on.

He had four rooms completed, when he took to himself his present wife. It was slow, but sure work. Time had increased the value of his purchase. The trees and shrubbery which he had so judiciously planted, had, up to that date, given a good account of themselves, and trellising vines already clustered about his humble home porch.

As time rolled on, and his love circle expanded, and his deposit in the fund increased, he added still other improvements to both his house and lot. It was a gradual and sure work, and finally, culminated in the imposing mansion and inviting lawn of to-day. What was once but a *common* of little value, has been metamorphized, by industry and thrift, into a *valuable country-seat*. Every dollar invested in it has returned five fold to its sensible owner.

Had this young man adopted the general policy of our youth, and, instead of saving up his earnings "for a rainy day," had wasted them in demoralizing luxuries—in expensive pleasures of the hour—he would have been to-day without a dollar; without a delightful home; without respect; without that blessed feeling which comes of a perfect independence. Instead of this, he might have been dragging out a vexatious life in some uncomfortable tenement: in debt, and more possibly a drunkard.

You may call it penuriousness; you may admire most the spend-thrift policy; but we call it wisdom. Wisdom to forestall life's misery; wisdom to win position, respect, and honor in the world. It is more. It is returning gratitude to fond parents, deeply and anxiously praying for your success. We never look upon a depraved man—a drunkard or felon—but we think of the mother who once fondled him to her loving breast; and of her terrible ordeal, in exchanging her treasures of Hope for such a deformity—and yet, the majority of this class were spend-thrifts in the beginning.

MACK.

Press Notices.

Jesse O. Thomas, formerly of this place, has established a newspaper in Bristol, Pa.,—the *Bucks County Gazette*—the first number of which has been received at this office. It is handsomely printed, and contains thirty-two columns of choice reading matter. It is independent in politics.—*Cadiz* (Ohio) *Sentinel*.

NEW PAPER.—We have the first number of the Bucks County (Pa.) *Gazette*, and find at the editorial mast-head the name of our old Ohio friend, Jesse O. Thomas. The first number of the paper is a good one, and we know enough about the newspaper ability of Mr. T., to assure the people of Bucks County that the *Gazette* will be a first-class paper in every respect, and one worthy their liberal support.—*Mt. Pleasant* (Iowa) *Journal*.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in BRISTOL Post-Office, Wednesday morning, Sept. 3:

Lydia H. Bailey, Joshua D. Bond, William Booth, Mrs. Mary E. Bradford, Hannah Bunm, Mr. Burton, Mattie Doane, Fannie Dugan, Caroline Freeman, Sallie F. Johnson, Edward Johnson, Mary Lawn, Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, Theodore P. Martin, Thos. M. Mullen, Elizabeth McClain, Daniel McGee, Jennie Otto, William Patton, William Potter, Adanata Praul, Wm. B. Purvis, Harry Saunders, Charles Saxton, Amos S. Scott, Thos. Shepard, Josiah Sigafoos, Jane Stirk, Garret Vanzant, Mrs. E. Williams, Charles Yeamens, Agnes Young, Mrs. Annie Zeller, Joseph Zink.

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CARD.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY on the Corner of Mill and Pond Streets, Bristol, is now open and ready for work. I shall be pleased to see all my old patrons who have been waiting so long for pictures, and all strangers desiring good Photographs while sojourning in this section of the country

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68 COLOR ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER.

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Webster now is glorious,—it leaves nothing to be desired. [Pres. Raymond, Vassar College.]

Every scholar knows the value of the work. [W. H. Prescott, the Historian.]

Been one of my daily companions. [John L. Motley, the Historian, &c.]

Superior in most respects to any other known to me. [George P. Marsh.]

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

New York Division.

On and after Monday, August 25th, trains will run as follows:

NORTHWARD.	12	14	6	52	8	54	4	16	18	58	10	60	106	40
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
West Philad'a.	12.20	2.50	3.10		7.15		7.35		8.30		11.00			12.20
Germantown Junc.		†3.09	†3.29		7.28		7.47		8.47		11.13			12.48
Kensington				6.40		7.30		7.50		10.00		12.00	12.30	
Frankford Junc.				6.52				8.01		10.13		12.15	12.40	
Bridesburg				6.56				†8.05		10.18		12.20	12.44	
Wissonoming								†8.05		†10.18			†12.44	
Tacony				7.00				†8.10		10.23		12.25	12.48	
Holmesburg Junc.				7.04				8.12	9.05	10.27		12.30	12.51	
Pennypack								†8.14		†10.27			†12.51	
Torresdale								8.19		10.32			12.56	
Andalusia								†8.20		†10.35			†12.57	
Cornwell's						7.55		8.25	†9.14	10.40			1.00	
Eddington								8.27		10.44			1.03	
Schenck's								8.30		10.49			1.06	
Bristol					†7.54	8.02	†8.13	8.37	9.24	10.55	11.47		1.13	1.26
Tullytown								8.45	†9.31	11.04				
Penn's Valley								†8.45		†11.04				
Morrisville								8.55	†9.40	11.27	P.M.			
Trenton	2.00	4.15	4.30		8.17	8.22	8.33	9.04	9.50		12.10			1.53
New York	5.17	6.35	6.45		10.10		10.20	11.15	11.50	11.18	2.10			3.50

NORTHWARD.	22	62	24	[illegible]	26	64	66	68	70	28	72	30	74	170	76
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
West Philad'a.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		5.30		6.55			11.30
Germantown Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		5.44		7.00			11.45
Kensington	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5.30		6.30		7.25	8.30	
Frankford Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			6.42		7.37	8.40	11.55
Bridesburg	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			6.47		7.42	8.45	12.00
Wissonoming	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			†6.47			†8.45	†12.00
Tacony	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			6.52		7.46	8.50	12.04
Holmesburg Junc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			6.56		7.50	8.54	12.08
Pennypack	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			†6.56			†8.54	†12.08
Torresdale	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5.51		7.04			9.00	12.15
Andalusia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			†7.05			†9.01	†12.16
Cornwell's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5.56		7.13			9.08	12.22
Eddington	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			7.17			9.12	12.26
Schenck's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6.01		7.21			9.16	12.30
Bristol	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6.07	6.20	7.27			9.24	12.38
Tullytown	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6.15		7.35			9.33	12.48
Penn's Valley	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			†7.35			†9.33	†12.48
Morrisville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6.25		7.45			9.43	1.02
Trenton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	6.30	6.45	7.55	8.08		9.50	1.10
New York	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		8.53		10.05			

SOUTHWARD.	25	51	53	55	57	61	63	13	67	29	15	1
	night.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.
New York	12.00							7.00		8.00	9.00	9.30
Trenton	A.M. 3.00		6.40	7.15		8.00	8.15	9.18	9.40	9.57	11.04	11.40
Morrisville	†3.07		6.49	7.23			8.22	9.26				
Penn's Valley			†6.49				†8.22					
Tullytown	†3.19		7.04	7.33			8.31	9.36				
Bristol	†3.27		7.13	7.41		8.24	8.39	9.44	10.01			12.04†
Schenck's			7.19	7.48		8.30	8.44		10.07			
Eddington			7.23			†8.32	8.47					
Cornwell's	†3.39		7.27	7.54			8.50	9.56				
Andalusia			†7.27				†8.50					
Torresdale			7.34				8.56	10.01				
Pennypack			†7.34				†8.56					
Holmesburg Junc.	†3.53	6.05	7.41	8.03	8.20		9.02	10.09				
Tacony		6.09	7.45		8.24		9.05	10.12				
Wissanoming			†7.45				†9.05					
Bridesburg		6.13	7.49		8.28		9.10	10.15				
Frankford Junc.	†4.05	6.18	7.54		8.33		9.15	10.18				
Kensington		6.30	8.05	8.22	8.45	9.00	9.30	10.30	10.37			
Germantown Junc.	4.18									10.53	11.58	12.38
West Philadelphia	4.38									11.10	12.15	12.53

SOUTHWARD.	69	71	17	167	73	33	75	19	31	7	21	5	77	3	23
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
New York			12.30			3.00		5.00		5.00	[illegible]	7.00	[illegible]	8.30	9.00
Trenton	12.05		2.40		3.40	4.50		6.45	7.00	6.33	[illegible]	8.58	[illegible]	10.29	11.15
Morrisville	12.11				3.47				7.07		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Penn's Valley	†12.17								†7.07		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Tullytown	12.28								7.18		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Bristol	12.36		3.03	3.15	4.03	5.12			7.26		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Schenck's	12.40			3.23					7.31		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Eddington	12.45			3.27					7.34		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Cornwell's	12.48			3.31					7.37		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Andalusia	†12.48			†3.31					†7.37		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Torresdale	12.55			3.38					7.42		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Pennypack	†12.55			†3.38							[illegible]		[illegible]		
Holmesburg Junc.	1.03	2.20		3.45			6.50		7.47		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Tacony	1.07	2.24		3.49			6.54		7.50		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Wissanoming	†1.07			†3.49					†7.50		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Bridesburg	1.11	2.28		3.54			6.58		7.54		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Frankford Junc.	1.15	2.33		3.59			7.02		7.57		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Kensington	1.26	2.45		4.10	4.35		7.14		8.10		[illegible]		[illegible]		
Germantown Junc.			3.42			5.45		7.39		†7.49	[illegible]	10.01	[illegible]	11.29	12.29
West Philadelphia			4.00			6.00		7.56		8.10	[illegible]	10.20	[illegible]	11.45	12.45

† — indicates that trains do not stop except on signal or notification to the conductor.

NORTH.—Trains 54, 64, 70, 61, 67, and 73, make Belvidere connections.

Trains 16, 58, 62, 66, 72, 76, 170, stop at Pierson's, Borie's, Cold Spring, and Wheat Sheaf, on signal.

A. J. CASSATT, Gen'l Manager.
D. M. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pass'r Agent.
G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.
F. W. JACKSON, Gen. Sup't U.R.R. of N. J. Div.
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From the Overland Monthly.

PANSIES.

O...ple hearts that drink the wine
Of royal sunsets, where the sea
Laves golden sands—the favored clime
Of flower and vine—how tenderly
I press your velvet lips to mine;
I hail the message that you brought:
Breathe o'er my soul the mystic sign
Of Love's unspoken thought.

How many grand processions swept
Above you, down the western slope!
How many dewy twilights kept
Watch o'er his budding hope!
And did the whispering breezes wait
To soft caress him, as they sped,
Spice-laden, from the Golden Gate,
To haunt your fairy bed!

Dear Pansies, rich in royal dyes,
(And sweet from lying near his lips,)
Fair mirrors of his azure eyes,
What can your worth eclipse?
When, darlings, this true heart shall be
Silent and cold, to him repeat
My life's unuttered mystery—
The secret you have found so sweet.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

SOILS.

BY NEWTON PECK.

Prof. E. Hitchcock, in the year 1838, reported an examination by himself of the various soils of Massachusetts, imparting some facts highly important to the cultivators of the soil. Although the report had special reference to the farmers of Massachusetts, still this class in any other State might, by reading it and studying the same, be greatly benefited.

As a preliminary to the consideration of soils, he classifies the different kinds as follows:

1. The *Alluvium*, or beds or layers of earth, sand, gravel, clay, and comminuted vegetable matters, formed along the borders of rivers and rivulets by the occasional overflowing of the same.

2. *Tertiary* soil, which may be sandy in some places, but in other localities, consists of clay.

3. *Sandstone* soil, formed by the disintegration and decomposition of sandstone; and this may be either red or gray.

4. *Graywacke* soil, resulting from the disintegration of conglomerate rocks; and this, also, may be either gray or red.

5. *Clay-slate* soil. 6. *Limestone* soil; that is, a soil derived from magnesian lime rock, or from the common carbonate of lime. 7. *Mica-slate* soil. 8. *Talcose-slate* soil. 9. *Gneiss* soil, common and ferruginous. 10. *Granite* soil. 11. *Sienite* soil. 12. *Porphyry* soil. 13. *Greenstone* soil.

Prof. H. found but little carbonate of lime in the Massachusetts soils, since, in a great number of specimens, only seven of the whole effervesced with hydrochloric acid, and, of the seven, only one exhibited 3 per cent. In almost every specimen, however, he found sulphate of lime (*gypsum*), otherwise called plaster of Paris. This ingredient doubtless partly compensates for the scarcity of the carbonate of lime.

With regard to the useful salts contained in the various soils, he discourses as follows:

"Thus we should expect that the gneiss and granite soils would contain a larger amount than usual of the salts of potassa; and where sulphuret of iron prevails, of the salts of iron; the porphyry soils, of the salts of soda; the mica slate soils, of the salts of magnesia and potassa; the talcose-slate soils, of the salts of magnesia; the graywacke and sandstone soils, of the salts of lime, magnesia and, perhaps, potassa and soda; the mica-slate soils, of the salts of magnesia and potassa."

Geine, or *humus*, is regarded by Prof. H. as the basis of all the nourishing part of all vegetable manures. It is a pulverulent substance, formed by the action of the air upon vegetable or animal matters, and is supposed to be abundant in every productive soil.

The same chemist, in order to compare the Massachusetts soils with those of Illinois and Ohio, found, by analysis, the results as follows:

A specimen from Rushville, Ill., contained, of soluble geine, 7.4 per cent.; insoluble geine, 2.5 per cent.; sulphate of lime, 3.4 per cent.; phosphate of lime, 0.6 per cent.; carbonate of lime, 1.5 per cent.; granitic sand, 84.0 per cent.; water of absorption, 6.3 per cent. One from Sangamon county, Ill., soluble geine, 4.9 per cent.; insoluble geine, 5.6 per cent.; sulphate of lime, 1.2 per cent.; phosphate of lime, 0.4 per cent.; carbonate of lime, 1.3 per cent.; granitic sand, 80.6 per cent.; water of absorption, 6.3 per cent. From Lazelle county, Ill., soluble geine, 7.6 per cent.; insoluble geine, 13.8 per cent.; sulphate of lime, 1.4 per cent.; phosphate of lime, 0.4 per cent.; carbonate of lime, 3.3 per cent.; granitic sand, 73.5 per cent.; water of absorption, 9.5 per cent. From Peoria county, Illinois, soluble geine, 3.1 per cent.; insoluble geine, 4.8 per cent.; sulphate of lime, 3.5 per cent.; phosphate of lime, 1.0 per cent.; granitic sand, 87.6 per cent.; water of absorption, 87.6 per cent. From the Sciota valley, Ohio, soluble geine, 6.7 per cent.; insoluble geine, 4.5 per cent.; sulphate of lime, 2.1 per cent; phosphate of lime, 0.9 per cent.; carbonate of lime, 2.8 per cent.; granitic sand, 83.0 per cent.; water of absorption, 5.3 per cent.

The above soils are evidently of the very first quality; the geine being in large proportion, and the earthy salts quite abundant enough, while there is still a small supply of carbonate of lime to convert more of the insoluble geine into the soluble whenever the occasion demands.

The soil formed by the overflowing of the river Nile in Egypt is generally regarded as one of the most productive in the world. A specimen of the same, carefully analyzed by Prof. B. Silliman, yielded the results as stated below:

Vegetable matter, or geine, 6.90 per cent.; silex, 47.30 per cent.; alumina, 32.10 per cent.; peroxide of iron, 11.20 per cent.; phosphate and crenate of lime, 2.02 per cent.

No mention was made of potash being detected in this specimen of the Nile soil, still the productiveness of Egypt would seem to indicate almost the necessity of this alkali in its alluvium. Still, the large amount of vegetable matter and of the phosphate and crenate of lime may possibly supply this deficiency.

If a dairyman should inquire what causes the best grasses to grow so luxuriantly in the valleys of the Green Mountains, the question might be answered in a few words. The soils of these valleys have been formed by the disintegration and decomposition of the granite, gneiss, mica slate and limestone, or carbonate of lime, abounding in those regions, and the vegetable matters mingled with the salts derived from those rock formations. We might then reasonably expect to find those regions productive, since their soils undoubtedly contain considerable potash, carbonate and phosphate and sulphate of lime; and the feldspar contained in the granite and porphyry, when analyzed, yields not a small per centage of lime and potash, and some specimens of mica give 8 per cent. of potash.

The argillaceous soils of those portions of the Western Reserve, Ohio, which exhibit the richest pastures and meadows, contain not potash only, but more or less of the salts of lime, especially the carbonate and sulphate of lime, and very likely somewhat of the phosphate of lime. Besides these earthy salts, analysis proves that geine, or vegetable matter is not wanting in our productive clayey soils.

FAILURE OF "PROMISING" MEN.

It is remarked by the Saturday Review how seldom in our experience the youth of "great abilities and promise" develops into the "great man;" "and," adds the Review, "there is, indeed, the gratifying reflection that our judgment of what constitutes success is to the full as fallible as our judgment of the talents by which it can be commanded. Many of the men whom we calmly set down as failures may have been doing as much as those who have made ten times as much noise in the world. A great deal of the best work in the world is anonymous, if we do not confine the term to writing. The rising genius who has sunk out of sight may have profoundly influenced his generation, though we cannot trace the channels through which he has operated. One who might have been a bishop and has become a quiet clergyman, may frequently sow seed of thoughts and works of which they will never reap any conspicuous harvest in this life. And, fortunately, the power of doing good service unobtrusively is not confined to the clergy.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

A SNEER.

BY MRS. E. D. STEWART.

Who can describe it; Webster gives a variety of definitions of the word, such as "to show contempt by turning up the nose, or by a particular cast of the countenance." "To insinuate contempt by a covert expression." But he does not tell us, nor can any one estimate the blighting, withering effect of this sinister distortion of the facial muscles. It is more terrible and more to be dreaded than the midnight assassin's dagger, or the poisoned arrow of the savage. It is the coward's weapon, no one is secure against it, and there is no redress; for as no word need be spoken to give it effect—indeed as the effect is intensified by an ominous silence, you cannot arraign your enemy before the courts of justice, or even call him personally to an account. The law demands the overt act or word. His plea is "I said nothing, I did nothing, if you choose to interpret my *look* to your own disadvantage, I am not responsible."

Many a fair fame, many a good name has fallen a sacrifice to this instrument of revenge, jealousy or spite. Many a fortune has been lost, many a bright prospect destroyed, and many a man who would scorn the charge is guilty of using it to further his own designs, and woe to the character of the one thus treacherously stabbed. If questioned as to the business integrity or resources of a man, whom he considers as in his way, he has only to elevate his nasal organ, look wise and innocently declare, "He really knows nothing about him;" and the work is done. Let a man but curl his lip when a lady's name is mentioned and she receives a wound that can never be healed. You never see or think of her afterwards without wondering what he meant, and suspecting in spite of yourself that there must be something wrong about her that he did not tell, but could if he chose.

"And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea," says Swift.

This vice has been chiefly charged to my own sex, as well as those of gossiping and slander, and while I am not willing to admit that they are confined to the female portion of society. I must acknowledge that they are more dexterous in wielding them for fatal purposes. And I am sorry to say too, that their use in not confined to the aged, the soured and disappointed crone, but often the young and beautiful but unscrupulous belle will stoop to this method of injuring her rival, giving a fatal blow; no one can tell what it meant, but it is the more effective because of its vagueness. A toss of her pretty head when her rival's name is mentioned, a curl of the lip, an elevation of the finely arched brow, a meaning look from under the silken lashes, and her purpose is accomplished. The victim is conscious of a coldness when she goes into society, of being slighted, neglected, counted out among her associates, but cannot divine the reason. Very soon the slanderer's tongue, the vigilant auxiliary, takes up the case and circulates with many a nod and wink a surmise of something wrong, desertion by her lover, the engagement broken off, etc. If the victim has a good constitution and is not too sensitively organized she may live on her allotted time even with the indefinable cloud resting upon her. If delicately constructed and keenly alive to the hurt, she sinks into an early grave, over which the chronicler tells you that she died of consumption, the remorseful foe of youth and beauty, when he should have said "killed by a sneer."

From All the Year Round.

CHARMS.

Old charms dealt with every possible relation of life. Thus; "Eat hare if you want to look handsome for nine days after." "Put a hen's heart on your wife's left side while she is asleep, and she'll tell all her secrets." "Swallow a mole's heart, fresh and palpitating, and you'll at once be expert in divination." "Quartan agues yield not to ordinary medicine; so take of the dust in which a hawk has been rolling, tie it up in a bit of white cloth with a red thread, and wear it; or else knock out the eye of a live lizard, and wear it wrapped in a bit of goat-skin."

These are from Pliny, who also teaches that all medicinal herbs should be gathered, pickpocket fashion, with the right hand poked through the left armhole of the tunic; you ought to be clad in a white robe, with naked, clean-washed feet, and to have just offered an oblation of bread and wine. Worms out of a goat's brain are good for epilepsy; so is a rivet from a wrecked ship, if you insert in it the bone cut out of a living stag's heart, and then make it into a brooch.

If you see a shooting-star, count quickly, for you'll be free from inflammation as many years as you can count numbers while the star remains in view. To cure cataract in the eye, catch a fox, cut out his tongue, let him go, dry his tongue and tie it up in a red rag, and hang it round the man's neck. When something has got into your eye, rub it with five fingers of the same side as the eye affected, saying thrice, "T etune resonco bregam gresso," and spit thrice.

If you would escape stomach-ache, take care that you always put on your left shoe first, and wear on gold-leaf the letters L * M O R I A, written three times. For toothache, say "Argidam margildam sturgidam" thrice over, and spit in a frog's mouth, solemnly desiring him to take the toothache. If any one has swallowed a bone, gently touch the mouth with the ring-finger and thumb, and say nine times, "I kiss the Gorgon's mouth." This is sovereign; the great Galen himself testifies himself to the value of charms in such a case. But this, from Albert Magnus, is the most wonderful of all: Gather in August the herb heliotropion, wrap it in a bay-leaf with a wolf's tooth, and it will, if placed under the pillow, show a man who has been robbed, where are his goods, and who has taken them; also, if placed in a church, it will keep fixed to their placed all the women present who have broken their marriage-vow. "This last is most tried and most true."

Lay a wolf's head under the pillow, and the unhealthy shall sleep sweetly. His flesh well dressed and sodded, given to eat, cureth devil's sickness, and an ill sight. For disease of joints, take a live fox, and seethe him till the bones alone be left, adding oil during the seething, and use this as a bath right often. The king of beasts is condescending: "For sore ears take lion's suet, melt in a dish, and drop into the ear:" which makes us think either that lions were more plentiful, or sore ears much more distressing, than nowadays. Fancy in "the *Times*" the announcement, "A fat lion killed last week; of his suet a little left. To prevent disappointment, apply early."

For fear of mad hound take the worms which be under a mad hound's tongue, snip them away, lead them round about a fig-tree, give them to him who hath been rent; he will soon be healed; or this: a hound's head burnt to ashes, and applied on the wound, casteth out all the venom and the foulness, and healeth the man.

And so goat's grease cures dropsy: dog's milk helps children through their teething; gall of a wild-buck mingled with field-bees' honey, makes the eyes bright; a hare's heel carried in the pocket keeps away stomach-ache; a hare's brain in wine cures drowsiness; burnt hartshorn in hot water kills worms; and so on.

From Chambers's Journal.

CELEBRATED HOAXES.

Literary hoaxes have been so numerous that even a mere list of them would be out of the question. There have been many like that which Madame de Genlis spoke of. The Duc de Liancourt was on intimate terms with the Abbe Delille; both were at Spa; and on one particular morning the Abbe was deeply chagrined at a hoax which, unknown to him, his friend had perpetrated. The Duc wrote some couplets on the fete-day of Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans, regular in structure, but most inane and insipid; he placed the name of the Abbe Delille beneath them, caused the verses to be printed in a few copies of a newspaper printed in another town, and contrived that one of these copies should reach the Abbe, whose vexation was intense. Nearly parallel to this is the achievement of an American newspaper a few years ago, in which some wretched verses were printed, and ascribed to the pen of the eminent poet, William C. Bryant; these were copied in many other papers, and came to the astonished eyes of Bryant himself. When the editor some time afterwards was asked for an explanation, he boldly avowed that his purpose was to establish the fact that, no matter how atrocious an effusion might be, the name of a poet who had established a reputation would make it true poetry in the eyes of a large majority of poetry readers.

"WHAT a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side.—"Did you refer to *me*, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop.—"Oh, no; I meant the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

CUSTOMS IN JAPAN.

On the first day of March in the present year, the young Empress of Japan, departing from an ancient custom, inaugurated the new one of wearing her eyebrows and allowing her teeth to remain white. This radical change in the very first principles of cosmetic science and sexual etiquette in Japan, deserves more than a mere passing notice.

One of the most striking things in Japan to the eye of a foreigner, is the universal absence of eyebrows from the faces of married women, and the jet black dye upon the teeth of adult women. All women, after their marriage, apply the razor to their eyebrows, or if brave to endure pain, pluck each hair out by the roots. Entering the home of her husband, the bride changes her beautiful white teeth to an inky black, by applying nutgalls and iron. More than this, each spinster, when she reaches adult years, from eighteen to twenty, likewise dyes her teeth a deep jet. Black teeth constitute the sign, not of marriage, as is usually supposed by most foreigners, but of adult age.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the custom is its universal prevalence. In every part of the country, and throughout all classes of society, the practice is followed with a religious frequency and regularity. In all parts of Japan which the writer has visited, he has personally observed that the women of every class are invariably addicted to the practice. Though the style of coiffure, details of dress, &c., may vary in different places, the black teeth and lack of eyebrows are universal.

It is generally stated by foreign writers that the Japanese wives shave their eyebrows and dye their teeth in token of fidelity to their husbands. The story, as usually told in foreign books, is that the custom was originated by a certain princess-belle who, having many suitors, finally chose one, and to show her devotion and appease his jealousy, she dyed her teeth black and plucked out her eyebrows.

This story must go the way of the host of fictions about Japan. The writer has questioned many Japanese in various parts of the country, but each averred that he had never heard of the story, and scouted it. None of them knew the origin of the custom, it being lost in antiquity. The books of etiquette in Japan, which form a library by themselves, give no account of the origin of the strange practice; we must, therefore, relegate the industriously copied fiction to the limbo where lie so many other curious "facts" credited to Japan.

The foreigner, on first arriving in Japan, is disgusted and almost appalled at the sight of a mouth that looks like a cavern of coal; but long familiarity and constant association with the natives remove all sense of the horrible. A set of teeth polished like jet is not really repelling; our blue eyes must appear to them as strange as their shining black teeth do to us. A Japanese lady, with glittering black eyes and shining black teeth, is not a hideous object. The chemical composition of the dye is the same in substance as that of our common writing ink. The Japanese phrase it "applying the metal." Women of the working classes blacken their teeth twice or thrice a week; ladies in the higher grades of society dye and polish them daily.

From All the Year Round.

ENGLISH CHORUSES.

First among these choruses is "Down, down, derry, down," the English rendering of "Dun, dun, daragan, dun," signifying "To the hill, to the hill, to the oaks, to the hill," which in all probability was the burden of a religious chant sung by the priests as they walked in procession from the interior of the stone circle to some neighboring grove upon a down or hill. The chorus survives in many hundreds of English popular songs, but notably in the beautiful ballad, "The Three Ravens," preserved in Melismata (1611).

There were three ravens sat on a tree.
Down-a-down! hey down, hey down.
They were as black as black might be,
With a down!
Then one of them said to his mate,
Where shall we now our breakfast take.
With a down, down, derry, derry, down!

The words come in without meaning, but were probably part of the original chant, to the music of which the modern ballad was adapted.

A second well-known and vulgarized chorus, "Tooral looral," has its origin in two Celtic or Gælic words, of which few or none have hitherto suspected the meaning. Tooral is the Celtic turail—slow; and looral, in the same venerable speech, is luathrail—(pronounced luarail) quick, signifying a variation in the time of some musical composition or march. Tooral looral is thus akin in construction to the words more recently adopted from the Italian, to signify the harpsichord of our ancestors—the pianoforte.

A third chorus, which, thanks to the Elizabethan writers, has not been vulgarized, is that which occurs in John Chalkhill's "Praise of a Countryman's Life," quoted by Izaak Walton:

Oh the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find.
High trolollie, lollie, lo! High trolollie, lee!

These words are easily resolvable into the Celtic; Ail or Aibhe! Hail! or All Hail! Trath—pronounced trah, early, and la, day! or "Ai, tra, la, la, la,"—Hail early day! early day! a chorus which Moses and Aaron may have heard in the temples of Egypt, as the priests of Baal saluted the rising sun; and which was repeated by the Druids on the remote shores of Western Europe, in now desolate Stonehenge, and a thousand other circles, where the sun was worshipped as the emblem of the Divinity. The second portion of the chorus, "High trolollie, lee," is in Celtic, "Ai tra, la, la, li," which signifies, "Hail early day! Hail bright day!" The repetition of the word "la," as often as it was required for the exigencies of the music, accounts for the chorus, in the form in which it has descended to modern times.

AN artillery-officer was tried the other day in a London police-court for trying to occupy his stall in the Princess's Theatre without having a "white tie" on. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The magistrate, in dismissing the charge, not unnaturally expressed his surprise that persons were required to go in one particular style of dress to the stalls of a theatre, and stated that he had been to the French plays very often, and seen persons there dressed in all sorts of styles. This may be very true, but it must be remembered that the greatness of Great Britain depends entirely on the respectability of her children. She may lose her prestige abroad, she may be torn with inward dissensions at home, and her heart may be breaking because she cannot get public servants who will work contentedly on the strictest principles of 'rigid economy;' but, so long as she can insist on her son's wearing swallow-tail coats and white ties in the evening, her respectability is safe, and she has no cause for despair. The dress is neither comfortable nor becoming, it involves a vast amount of cab hire and general inconvenience, and it is not cheerful, for it resembles that of an undertaker, but, like the chimney-pot hat, it is one of our most cherished institutions, and those who shock the feelings of the community by profanity on the subject of attire must not be surprised if they have to answer for their crimes at the bar of justice."

IT will be remembered that some months ago five fishermen were drowned off the Irish coast by the struggles of a sun fish to escape. An interesting discussion afterward arose as to the size of this kind of fish. Mr. Walpole, one of the inspectors of salmon fisheries in England, intimated that Mr. Brady, inspector of Irish Fisheries, had grossly exaggerated their size.—Mr. Brady has, however, come off victorious in the contoversy. This fish takes its name from its habit of remaining almost motionless at the surface of the water as if enjoying the influence of the sun's rays. Cuvier says it is the largest of the true fishes, measuring sometimes 30 feet. Its liver is of large size, generally two tons in weight, and yields from six to eight barrels of oil. The sun fish are very powerful in the water, and, if harpooned in the shoulder, are very hard to kill, often carrying off the whole harpoon line. They sometimes run off with 200 fathoms of line and two harpoons in them, and will employ the fishermen 24 hours before they are subdued. Great caution must be used in striking them, as with a blow of the tail they will stave in the boat if it is within reach. From 60 to 100 of them may sometimes be seen together off the coast of Ireland, basking in the morning sun, in the latter part of June.

TRADELESS BOYS AND CRIME.—IT is a fact no less significant than startling that of 17,000 criminals in the United States in 1868 only three out of every hundred had learned a trade. And yet people wonder why there is so much crime in large cities, where trade unions absolutely exclude boys from the privilege of becoming apprentices. The Philadelphia *Star* says there is something so appalling in this terrible statement—appalling to the sympathies—that it would seem impossible that nine-tenths of the boys of the city to-day are in a fair way to be classed with the 17,000 convicts above referred to.

"IT may be set down as a fact," says the *Tribune* in an article on the morality of dress, "that the woman who begins by assuming that her dress is of little consequence, will be very likely to end a sloven or a scarecrow. Art is art, and will retain its power over well-arranged characters to the end. If a beautiful picture, in which color answers to color, in which all is blended in an exquisite harmony of hue, be worthy of our study and admiration, a woman artistically clothed, the fashion of her garments adapted to her figure, the tint of them to her complexion, and the amplitude of them to her carriage, is certainly neither a despicable nor a ridiculous spectacle."

"In art, the genius is true to himself; the man of talent tries to be true to nature."

ARTIFICIAL MANURES.

J. B. Lawes, the well-known chemist and experimental farmer, Rothamstead, England, has sent to the Massachusetts Agricultural Society, three tons of super-phosphate of lime made from the Charleston phosphates. In his letter he says:—

"The manures I have forwarded to you are made entirely from Charleston phosphates and sulphuric acid. I have selected this substance in preference to our own phosphate, as better to prove to you that you have one of the best phosphates which the world produces, but also one which can yield a commercial super-phosphate cheaper than any other Charleston phosphate, as imported into this country, contains from fifty-seven to sixty per cent. of phosphate of lime. When ground and mixed with sulphuric acid in the proportion of 100 phosphate to about 80 acid, it yields a product of 30 to 33 phosphate rendered soluble and not more than three to four per cent. insoluble. In your country the phosphate can be raised at a cost of less than 20s. per ton; the grinding would cost, at the most, 5s. per ton, the acid 50s. per ton; in fact, the net cost of the super-phosphate, ready to pack in bags, ought not to be more than 40s. per ton of 2,240 pounds, and all the phosphoric acid should be rendered soluble except two or three per cent. As these manures are required for experimental purposes, I beg to offer them to the Massachusetts Agricultural Society without charge, and also the following summary, which may be said to comprise the results of my experience and practice in regard to artificial manures for the last thirty years:

The only two substances really required in artificial manures are: First, nitrogen; second, phosphate of lime. Nitrogen is useful in three forms: First, as nitric acid; second, as ammonia; third, as organic decomposable matter, yielding ammonia or nitric acid.

Nitrogen is more valuable in the form of nitric acid than it is as ammonia, and ammonia is more valuable than decaying substances yielding it. The best possible manure for all graminceous crops, wheat, barley, maize, oats, sugarcane, rice, pasture grass, is a mixture of super-phosphate of lime and nitrate of soda; 300 lbs. of super-phosphate of lime and 275 lbs. of nitrate of soda, applied every year to one acre of ordinary English land, has for twenty consecutive years given a produce annually of six quarters in barley; fourteen tons of farm-yard dung applied annually over the same period, has given the same produce in barley. Super-phosphate of lime is a special chemical manufacture, which can be made cheaper on a large than on a small scale, and therefore farmers ought to buy it cheaper than they can make it; but it is better to make up their own compound manures, purchasing their nitrate of soda or salts of ammonia. It is not advisable to sow artificial manures with beans, peas, tares, or other leguminous plants. Corn and root crops will take all the artificial manure which the farmer can afford to pay for. Super-phosphate of lime should always be placed under the soil, either by drilling or harrowing in when the seed is sown. Nitrate of soda may be sown in the same way, or it may be sown broadcast when the crop is up. The increase in the growth of the cereal crop is much more dependent upon the nitrogen supplied than on the phosphoric acid. Potash is generally found in sufficient quantities in soils, and the artificial supply is not required."

UNFERMENTED MANURE.

Many excellent farmers have an idea that manure, to be most efficient in raising crops, should be well rotted, but this is a mistake. Manure loses heavy per centage. Fresh manure, dripping with animal urine, hauled directly from the stable on the land and plowed under, is worth nearly double that which has decomposed to saponaceous consistency. When it is convenient for farmers to haul manure on corn ground from the stable as fast as it is made, it saves handling it twice, and forwards the work in busy spring time. No fears need be entertained that the atmosphere will carry off the strength of the manure if left on the surface. The only danger to be apprehended by this method will be in case of the ground being frozen and covered with snow and ice when the manure is applied; if upon sloping land, the virtue of the manure might wash away, but on level land there is no exception to this plan of operation during the entire fall and winter season.

CARPETS, though bought by the yard, are worn by the foot.

WHO is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

MOST men like to see themselves in print. Ladies like to see themselves in silks and velvets.

WHAT was the proverb that King Lear heard from his daughters?—"Go, father, and fare worse."

A GOOD-NATURED spinster used to boast that she always had two good beaux; they were elbows.

PAY your little outstanding earthly bills, and don't go romancing about the falling dues of heaven.

A YOUNG husband handed his wife a dozen buttons the other day, and asked her to put a shirt to them.

A LADY asked Mr. Johnson if he liked children. "Don't know, ma'am," answered that crabbed gentleman; "never tried 'em; am not an ogre."

THE difference between a country and a city greenhorn, is that one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

A MISSISSIPPI druggist is selling a drug to negroes under a pledge that it will convert their wool into long and straight hair. The papers say that he is doing a brisk business.

OLD Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she has made a pair of socks last her fifteen years, by only knitting new feet to them every winter and new legs every other winter.

THE gentleman who asserted that his friend never opened his mouth without putting his foot in it, being called upon to apologize, said he was very sorry, but when he made the assertion he did not see the size of his friend's foot.

IT is considered very creditable to men to have hearts of oak, but not half so creditable to have wooden heads.

TO DRIVE AWAY ANTS.—If they are married, borrow some money of their husbands. If they are single, let them take care of the baby for the afternoon, while your wife goes to the concert.

THE editor of a New York child's paper, received a letter from a lady subscriber, recently, in which was written, "Our Anna died last week, after reading the last number of your valuable paper."

IT is necessary sometimes to refrain from questioning our friends, that we may not draw from them what we ought not to know, and especially that we may not tempt them to deceive us.

A GENTLEMAN named Rose having a daughter, named her Wild, as in his opinion Wild Rose was a very pretty conceit for a name. But when she grew up and married a man named Bull, the combination of her Christian and surnames took the conceit out of the old man.

"JAMES JENKINS," said a schoolmaster to his pupil, "what is an average?"—"A thing, sir," answered the scholar, promptly, "that hens lay eggs upon."—"Why do you say that, you silly boy?" asked the pedagogue.—"Because, sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say, the other day, that a hen would lay, on an average, a hundred and twenty eggs a year!"

MANY persons, besides schoolboys and students, use the phrase "He is a brick," without the least idea that it is supposed to be of classic origin. It is said that King Agesilaus, being asked by an ambassador from Epirus, why they had no walls for Sparta, replied, "We have." Pointing to his marshalled army, he said, "There are the walls of Sparta; every man you see is a brick."

AT a New York Sunday-school, not long since, a little boy was crying bitterly. The school-mistress, upon inquiry, learned that he had lost his mother; and she, in sympathy, remarked to the scholars that no one knew what a loss it was until they had lost a mother, and that Johnny had good cause for crying. At this moment a little urchin jumped up and said, "Oh, ma'am, you just wait till he gets a step-mother, then you'll hear him cry!"

SHERIDAN was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly crying, "Hear! hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play rogue, but only had sense enough to play the fool, and exclaimed, with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?"—"Hear! hear!" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amidst a general roar of laughter.

HERE is a Quaker toast that has a thought in it:—"This is me and mine to thee and thine. I wish when thou and thine come to see me and mine, that me and mine will treat thee and thine as kindly as thee and thine have treated me and mine." This is a new version of the old complaint, which runs something after this wise:—"I wish thee and thy folks loved me and my folks as well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks. For sure, there never was folks, since folks was folks, that ever loved folks half so well as me and my folks love thee and thy folks."

JAMES WRIGHT,
Radcliffe and Market Sts.,
BRISTOL,
IS NOW OFFERING A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
DRESS GOODS,
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
FLANNELS,
Table Linen, &c.,
All of which are very choice goods, put down at the
VERY LOWEST PRICES.
Hamburg Edgings and Insertings,
Honey-Comb and Marseilles Quilts,
Oil-Cloths, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, 8-4.
CARPETS;
Window Shades;
all new and beautiful goods, and of choice patterns.
TRUNKS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
CHOICE GROCERIES,
Comprising everything usually to be had at first-class country stores. 71

SOMETHING NEW.
RICKARDS' CORN GRATER,
for Grating Green Corn.
Call and see it at
C. C. DOUGLASS',
64 61 Mill St., Bristol.

PEIRCE BROTHERS,
WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL PA.,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES,
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety.

BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE,
On Dorrance, Jefferson Avenue, Lafayette and Pond Streets.
Houses Erected
by Contract.
49

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.
ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 63

CHARLES WOLLARD,
Contractor & Builder,
Washington St., bet. Cedar & Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.
HOUSES BUILT BY CONTRACT,
and all kinds of Carpenter Work promptly executed.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. 61

HEPWORTH & COLLINS,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
at Foot of Market Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND
GAS FIXTURES,
LAMPS,
Lead Pipe,
Sheet Lead,
WASH BASINS,
Bath Tubs,
PUMPS,
Hydraulic Rams,
WIND-MILLS, &C.
42

MRS. J. MERRICK BROWN,
No. 47 Mill St., 2d door below Wood St.,
BRISTOL, PA.,
HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW SUPPLY OF
DRESS GOODS,
Trimmings, Embroidery, Laces,
VELVETS, VELVETEENS, HOOP SKIRTS,
CORSETS, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY, &c.
Complete assortment Ribbons, all widths and shades.
Very superior KID GLOVES, $1 per pair.
ALSO,
Whitman's Choice Confectionery.
☞ Making my purchases for cash, and selling for small profits, I am enabled to sell at less than Philadelphia prices. 65

TIMOTHY SEED,
PRIME QUALITY, AT CITY PRICES, AT
WM. R. JONES'
Flour and Feed Store.
67 Bristol, Pa.

INITIAL PAPER:
EVERY LETTER;
ASSORTED TINTS;
IN ELEGANT CASKETS,
AT
CITY PRICES.
M. A. WALMSLEY,
70 Bristol.

DYEING AND SCOURING.
The undersigned is prepared to Dye and Scour
Coats, Pants, Vests; also Dresses,
SHAWLS, CLOAKS, &c.,
at less than ruling city prices, and nowhere excelled by more thorough cleansing or carefulness of garments from injury.
JOHN D. DETLEFSON,
66 41 Wood Street, Bristol.

W. TAYLOR POTTS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
RESIDENCE,
41 Bath Street, Bristol. 71

BRISTOL BOARDING SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS.
S. H. Peirce & Sisters.
This School, established in 1862, is located in the
BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, PA.,
On the Delaware River, twenty miles above Philad'a.
The situation is pleasant and healthful, and is unsurpassed in convenience of access.
Admitting but a limited number of Boarders, the care, both mental and physical, is that of a well regulated family. Every effort made to secure a thorough education, thus fitting the pupils for a useful and practical life.
The SCHOOL YEAR consists of Forty Weeks,
COMMENCING
the Second Tuesday in September.
The School is vacated during the Christmas Holidays.
For Circulars address,
41 R. A. PEIRCE.

Closing Out of Summer Goods.
PACIFIC PERCALES, BROWN Dress Linens, Victoria Lawns, Swisses, Piques, Cords, Stripes, Hamburg Edgings, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, English Chintzes, Striped Calicos, Grass Cloths, &c.
ALPACAS, CASSIMERES, and all the leading makes of MUSLINS, constantly selling at low figures at M. A. WALMSLEY'S,
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A. E. BAYLIES'
Practical Watch-maker
and Jeweler,
AND DEALER IN WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, &c.,
Mill St., above Wood, Bristol, Pa.
Watches of every description repaired in a superior manner. 57

JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
41 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, with Gold's Patent Cast-Iron Radiators. Wood's American Kitchener, and Paris Ranges.
GRIFFITHS' PATENT ARCHIMEDIAN VENTILATORS.
☞ Steam Fitting in all its branches.
JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
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LOOK HERE!
THE BEST STYLES IN THE COUNTY.
Newportville Ahead!

W. W. ROSE
HAS now on hand a heavy stock of Carriages, consisting of all the latest New York Patterns. Shoo Flies, Track Sulkeys, Trotting Wagons, Sunshades, Falling Tops, Germantowns and Jagger Wagons.
☞ The public are respectfully invited to inspect my stock. 45

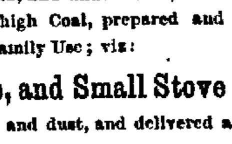
CARPETS
Washed and Scoured at
Livingston Mills,
BRISTOL, PA. 46

SLATE MANTELS.
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Of the latest and most beautiful designs; and all other Slate Work on hand or made to order.
Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
20 WILSON & MILLER.

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line. 24

BRISTOL MILLS.
J. & A. DORRANCE,
Flour, Grist, Saw & Planing Mills.
FARMERS and others will please bear in mind that our facilities are such, that we can furnish
LUMBER
AT LOWER PRICES THAN CAN BE PURCHASED ELSEWHERE
IN THE COUNTY.
Also
COAL
Constantly on hand, well screened, picked, and under cover. 43

ELLWOOD DORON'S
LUMBER AND COAL
YARD,
FOOT OF MARKET ST., BRISTOL, PA.,
Now contains a large assortment of
SEASONED WHITE PINE BOARDS and PLANK, of all grades;
WHITE and YELLOW PINE FLOORING;
PLANED AND UNPLANED SIDING;
HEMLOCK BOARDS AND FENCING;
JOIST AND SCANTLING;
LATHS, PICKETS;
CEDAR AND CYPRESS SHINGLES;
OAK and CHESTNUT POSTS and RAILS.
☞ BUILDERS, and all persons contemplating building, will find it to their advantage to call and examine my Stock, and entire satisfaction will be given, not only in the quality of the material, but also in the *PRICE*.



COAL. COAL.
Always on hand, and under cover, a full supply of best quality Lehigh Coal, prepared and carefully screened, for Family Use; viz:
Egg, Stove, and Small Stove Sizes;
free from slate and dust, and delivered at shortest notice,
always at the very lowest ruling prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
LIME,
HAIR,
Calcined Plaster,
Terra-Cotta Chimney-Tops, &c.
☞ Don't forget the place. 60
FOOT OF MARKET ST., BRISTOL.
26

CABEEN & BEATTY.
We wish particularly to call attention this season to
OUR STOCK OF
DRY-GOODS,
CARPETS,
AND
OIL-CLOTHS,
GROCERIES,
HATS, CAPS, SHOES,
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
&c. &c. &c.
OUR STOCK OF
Dress Goods
is complete. Everything new, stylish and durable.
A LARGE VARIETY OF
MOURNING GOODS;
BLACK CRAPE AND VEILS, BLACK SILKS, of the most reliable makes.
WHITE GOODS,
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,
LINENS, OF ALL KINDS.
A Full Line of Domestics.
Kid Gloves—HARRIS, SEAMLESS, JOUVIN, LOUIS, &c.
Full Line of Notions:
HAMBURG EDGINGS,
TRIMMINGS, COLLARS, CUFFS,
CORSETS, SCARFS, TIES,
RIBBONS, &c.
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
IN ENDLESS VARIETY.
Cloths and Cassimeres
FOR BOTH GREAT AND SMALL.
Crockery and Glassware
in variety.
GROCERIES:
A FULL STOCK ALWAYS READY.
ALSO AGENCY FOR
Mme. Demorest's
reliable Patterns.
The assortment comprises all the standard and useful Styles, together with New and Elegant Designs
IN THE
SUMMER AND FALL.
23

JOHN K. WILDMAN,
No. 26 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.
BONDS AND STOCKS
of all kinds bought and sold.
ORDERS RECEIVED FOR
NORTHERN PACIFIC
7 3-10 GOLD BONDS.
United States Bonds
EXCHANGED FOR OTHER SECURITIES.
17

MARIS & SMITH,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 18 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
Gold, Stocks, Bonds,
&c.,
Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals, received on favorable terms. 18

PHILAD'A TYPE FOUNDRY
AND
Printers' Warehouse.
ESTABLISHED 1841.
THIS old-established Foundry is prepared to furnish Printers and Publishers with all the Latest and Approved Styles of Newspaper, Book, Job and Ornamental Type, &c.
In connection with their own large assortment, they are agents for all other makes of
METAL AND WOOD TYPES,
and it is only necessary for the printer to name the founder or factor from whose Specimen Book the selection is made, to insure his order filled accurately and promptly.
AGENTS for all Press Makers.
SOLE AGENTS of this City for WADE'S Unrivaled INKS.
☞ ESTIMATES for Newspaper and Job Printing Offices furnished on application.
The type on which this paper is printed came from the foundry of
LEWIS PELOUZE,
PRACTICAL TYPE FOUNDER,
19 Philadelphia, Pa.

A RARE CHANCE.
AS WE ARE ABOUT MAKING
EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS IN OUR
STORE ROOM,
so as better to accommodate our
INCREASING TRADE,
We purpose until
September 15, 1873,
TO MAKE THE LIBERAL REDUCTION
OF
10 per cent.
UPON ALL SALES OF
DRY-GOODS,
Except Muslins and Calicoes,
EXCEEDING
ONE DOLLAR
IN AMOUNT,
AT
J. Wesley Wright's,
Next to Canal Bridge,
MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PENN'A. 31

China, Glass and Queensware,
RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
HENRY HOPKINS,
IMPORTER AND DEALER,
319 *North Second Street, Philadelphia,*
HAS now opened for the Fall Trade, a full assortment of FRENCH and ENGLISH CHINA; White Gold Band and Fancy Decorated Tea, Dinner and Toilet Ware; also, a large Stock best quality English Stone China Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets, complete. GLASS WARE of every description and quality. TABLE CUTLERY, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED WARE, at manufacturers' prices.
☞ Housekeepers and persons wanting outfits, supplied at the lowest wholesale rates. Goods carefully packed, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. 12

WILSON RANDALL,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,
BATH STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

CONSTANTLY on hand a fine selection of Carriages of all styles and descriptions, guaranteed to give satisfaction.
FALLTOPS, JENNY LINDS, GERMANTOWNS, STORE and EXPRESS Wagons; and in fact anything in this line of business, furnished at lowest possible prices consistent with good workmanship and material used.
Any style of Carriage or Wagon made to order at short notice.
REPAIRING promptly attended to. Address or call on
WILSON RANDALL,
15 Bath St., Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa.

Clothing! Clothing!
IF you want to buy your FALL CLOTHING, and HATS AND CAPS cheap, go to
Allen & Louderbough's,
No. 60 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.
We have also a full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
☞ PIECE GOODS and VEST PATTERNS for sale or made to order.
WHITE SHIRTS A SPECIALITY.
51 *Give us a call.*

GO TO THE
NEW STORE UP TOWN.
Where you can buy your GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, NOTIONS, and CONFECTIONERIES, very cheap;—consisting in part of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Syrups, Molasses, Lard, Butter, &c. Housekeepers' Wares, such as Brushes, &c., with a variety of Soaps. BUCKETS, Brooms, Baskets, &c. Also, assortments of Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits, Raisins, Prunes, Figs, Nuts &c. &c. COAL OIL constantly on hand; and general supply of things usually kept in a first class Grocery Store, at
P. O. HUTCHINS',
Washington St., Bristol, P
P.S. The highest market price paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE. 14

READ THIS
When You have Time.
PARTIAL LIST OF GOODS KEPT BY
M. A. WALMSLEY,
BRISTOL.
VIZ:
Teas—Fine Formosa Oolong—the best in town for One Dollar per lb. Good Oolong, 80 cts. Imperial, Young Hyson, Japan, &c.
Coffees—Old Government Java, (strictly pure). Rio, the best quality.
Fruits—Oranges, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Currants, French Prunes, Turkish do. Citron, Raisins, German Plums, &c. &c.
IMPORTED GOODS.—English Pickles, Olives, Olive Oils, English Mustard, French Mustard, Sardines, Salmon, Macaroni, Vermicelli, &c.
DOMESTIC GOODS.—Cranberries, Dried Plums Dried Peaches, Cherries (pitted), Jellies, Honey Catsup, Spices, Breakfast Hominy, Tapioca Farina &c. &c.
CANNED GOODS.—Peaches, Tomatoes, Peas Corn, Oysters, &c. &c.
ALL SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE,
and guaranteed to give satisfaction in every particular.
29 M. A. WALMSLEY, Bristol.

WM. A. GIRTON,
Cor. Mifflin and Swain Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Mastic Cement Roofer.
Old Shingled Roofs Covered
Without removing the Shingles.
Gravel Roofs repaired and made water-tight.
☞ All work warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed 36

MEAT! MEAT!
MILTON WEBSTER,
MILL STREET,
Near Canal Bridge, Bristol, Pa.,
KEEPS always a good quality of Beef, Veal, Mutton, &c., and is
PROMPTLY ON HAND EVERY MORNING,
to supply the wants of his customers. He asks the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. 37

JOHN TAYLOR,
Corner Mill & Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.,
BEGS leave to inform his old friends and customers that he keeps any thing the people need in the way of
GROCERIES,
and all kinds of PROVISIONS, QUEENSWARE, WILLOW-WARE, &c., on hand at all times. 34

TERNESON & HIBBS,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
The finest and latest Styles of work for
Ladies, and Gents' First Class Boots
made a specialty. Store on
MILL STREET,
Next the Post-Office. 39

SHARP SHOOTING.
PRIDE OF BRISTOL.
At No. 69 Mill Street,
5 ct. SEGARS
inferior to none for the money, and all others equally good. Also
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCOS
of the best brands,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
What I miss in quantity, I will make up in quality.
Try them. A. LIPPINCOTT,
32 PROPRIETOR.

WEVILL'S
Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root,
for Diarrhœa, and other affections arising from a relaxed condition of the bowels in adults or children.
This preparation of *Blackberry Root*, (in combination with other astringents and aromatics), has been extensively used for a number of years with most gratifying results, and is highly recommended by many physicians.
CHAS. H. WEVILL,
DRUGGIST,
63 Mill Street,
33 BRISTOL.

J. V. FOSTER,
NO. 23 MILL STREET, BRISTOL,
DEALER IN
DRY-GOODS,
GROCERIES,
AND
Provisions.
A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season.
☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.
27

AUGUSTUS SHETHEOUR,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Ingrain, Yarn and Rag Carpets,
MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.,
near the Steamboat Landing.
☞ Carpets of every description made to order. 25

House and Sign
PAINTING,
WALL PAINTING,
GRAINING,
GLAZING.
None but the best materials used.
HORATIO I. KURTZ.
☞ Under the Post-Office. 30

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